

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Pledged to The Republican Policy of Reciprocity and Protection to American Industries, as Formulated in The Republican National Platform.

VOL. XIX.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1905.

NO. 15

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

What Antioch People Are Doing and Where They Go--Other News

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS

Short Local News Gathered in Our Journeynings About the Town, and Which You Should Know

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 27--Butter firm at 24c. Output of the week, 689,000 lbs.

Toys, dolls and games at Swan's.

A. N. Tiffany spent Tuesday in Chicago.

Toilet cases and manicure sets at Swan's.

Mrs. N. S. Burnett was a Waukegan passenger Tuesday.

My 20 and 25 cent coffees are corks.

Chase Webb.

T. A. Emmons spent Sunday with his son at Wheaton, Ill.

An especially good line of holiday stationery at Swan's.

Miss Ada Lux of DeKalb, Ill., is visiting her parents here this week.

Plenty of pure, fresh-ground buckwheat--guaranteed. Chase Webb.

Illustrated songs, comical and instructive, at the Court of Honor hall, Dec. 4.

Birch and maple cord wood and pine slabs for sale at Barker Lumber Co. 1114

W. A. Taylor of Waukegan was visiting with Antioch relatives and friends over Sunday.

You will certainly miss a good thing if you pass by the fine line of overcoats that Williams Bros. can show you.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Soules, of Sioux Falls, S. D., were calling on old friends here the first of the week.

Come and hear the illustrated lecture on the "Life of Lincoln" at the Court of Honor hall, Dec. 14.

New and second hand pianos and sewing machines for sale or rent, or will trade for horses. L. B. Grice. 2014

Mrs. Howard Riggs and son Charles of Lafayette, Ind., is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. L. Harden.

Frank Huber, who has been in South Dakota during the summer, returned to Antioch Monday.

Write to Alden, Bidinger & Co., Waukegan, Ill., for prices and terms on new and used pianos and organs. 614

All persons having articles for the bazaar are requested to hand them in to the committee as soon as convenient.

Mrs. N. K. Seymour and children will spend the latter part of the week with her mother at Spring Prairie, Wis.

John Spafford and Jas. Britton brought home a deer each as a result of their trip to northern Wisconsin last week.

Our clothing fits, yet not only fits the body but fits the pocket. Examine for yourselves at Williams Bros.

Sels Royal Blue rubbers are made on honor just the same as Sels Royal Blue shoes. All over of the very best at Williams Bros.

Good farm of two hundred acres for rent at Millburn, this county. For information concerning it inquire of R. Pantall, Millburn, or at this office. 1344

J. J. Morley and family returned on Saturday from northern Wisconsin and many of his friends are enjoying partridge and venison.

Mrs. John Grimm is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Schwartz, at Troy Center, Wis., to which place they have recently moved from Christian, Ill.

Miss Ruth Williams who is attending school in Chicago is spending this week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams.

During a high wind storm on Friday of last week one of the plate glass windows in the saloon of B. F. VanPatten was blown out.

Those who have looked over our stock of clothing are well pleased. Those who have bought are better pleased. We can please you as well, at Williams Bros.

For Sale or Rent--A small place consisting of two and one third acres, with house, barn, good well and cistern. Situated at Hickory corner, possession given at any time. Call on or address L. J. Slocum Russell, Ill. 1442

See full line of fine china at Swan's.

Miss Susie Morley was a Chicago visitor on Tuesday.

Don't forget my 35 cent syrup. Chase Webb.

Mrs. Jacob VanPatten is quite ill with pleurisy at her home south of town.

Musical goods, violin strings and harmonicas at Swan's.

Bertie Overton of Chicago was an over Sunday visitor with Antioch relatives and friends.

For Sale--Twenty pure blood Buff Cochen chickens. Address box 200, Graylake, Ill.

Mr. A. G. Adams of LaFayette, Ind., was the guest of Miss Maude Harden for a few days last week.

Mrs. Cora Zimmerman of Englewood was the guest of Mrs. R. M. Haynes the latter part of last week.

Lee Burnett will leave on Monday for Delevan, Wis., where he has accepted a position on the Delevan Republican.

For Sale--fine Jersey Peach Blow seed potatoes. Will fill orders up to January 1 at \$2.00 per bushel. C. C. Carpenter, potato specialist, Libertyville, Ill. 1442

A bus load of the Antioch Royal Neighbors attended a reception given by the Lake Villa camp at their hall Tuesday afternoon of this week and report that they were royally entertained.

The many friends of Mrs. Ed. Wells will be pleased to learn that she has so far recovered from her illness as to be able to ride out. On Sunday she with her husband were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Savage.

A rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip, with minimum selling rate of 50 cents, will prevail on the Wisconsin Central for the Christmas and New Year holidays. Tickets on sale Dec. 23 to 31 and Jan. 1, returning Jan. 4.

The stereopticon entertainment given by George W. Walker at the Court of Honor Hall December 14 will be well worth hearing. Don't miss it. Admission 25 cents, but 15 cents for 15 years of age 15 cents.

On Thursday evening of last week the Barker Lumber company's office and the depot were broken into. At the former place a small amount of change and Manager Higgins' glasses were taken, while at the depot an old rain coat was secured.

The merchant who sits behind his counter and "cusses" the people who buy goods of the catalogue houses will never out of that sort of competition out of business. He has got to meet that sort of business by using some of its own methods. He must have the goods and then he must tell the people of it, and of his ability to meet the outside competition.

Members of Lotus Comp, attention. Monday evening, Dec. 4, occurs the annual election of officers. You are requested to be present. Now don't let this notice be forgotten, and let's have a rousing meeting. Refreshments will be provided for all who come. C. M. Manley, W. G. J. C. James, Clerk.

I now have on hand a new line of goods suitable for Christmas presents, such as fancy china, childrens banks, handkerchiefs, gloves, collars of various kinds, belts, books, fancy box stationery, dollies, hand mirrors, and many other articles. Call and inspect my stock and you cannot fail to be pleased with the prices. I will also sell my millinery goods cheap until after the holidays. Mrs. Nina Seymour.

Did Little Wonder Win Out?

"Little Wonder" and its habit of breaking from a trot into a pace to win a race, will be the subject matter of a hearing before the American Trotting Association in Chicago on December 5th, with Attorneys Orris and Edwards as the lawyers for the owner of the fast horse, Charles Sibley, of Antioch. "Little Wonder" was in the trot at the Libertyville mile track on September 19th. She won the first of the three heats in 2:11. But in the second heat she broke from a trot into a pace, it is claimed, and was distanced by the judges of the Libertyville Trotting Association.

The owner of the horse thereupon became somewhat sore and unwilling to abide by the decision of the lower court, as represented by the track judges, has taken the matter up with the American Association, asserting his title to first money in the race. Many judges and connoisseurs of horse flesh are witnesses before the great American body. It is in effect a sort of moot court.

Lake county people will watch developments with interest.

AFTER GROC SHOPS

Commander of the Post at Fort Sheridan to Freeze Out All Saloons

DISORDERLY GIRLS PREY ON SOLDIERS

Tough Class of Girls and the Poorest Kind of Whiskey is the Cause of Disappearances at the Post

Sensational declarations as to the prevalence of lawlessness and vice in Highwood and the vicinity and its influence on the troops at Fort Sheridan were made Saturday night before a mass-meeting of Lake Forest citizens by Capt. M. A. Saville, of the post at Fort Sheridan. Capt. Saville was detailed by Col. S. R. Whittall, commandant of Fort Sheridan, to investigate conditions in Highwood. In speaking of the result of the investigations, he said:

"As the result of conditions brought in to Highwood by thugs and evil characters, who have been driven from Chicago and come to the nearest 'wet' town, there are more desertions from Fort Sheridan today than from any other army post in this country. Four hundred thousand dollars have been wasted in Highwood by the soldiers. Revenue officers have examined the liquor sold and found it to be vile stuff, the proof in some cases running down to 70 per cent. Young girls of a disorderly character are brought in and harbored in Highwood and other places. The soldiers themselves are now making a demand for better conditions and the post is interested in any movement looking toward the welfare of the North Shore.

"The death of many of our men has been caused in Chicago or elsewhere while they were on leave after pay day. Some of them have disappeared completely from the face of the earth. I am prepared to prove every statement I have made regarding the immorality and viciousness existing at Highwood and other points along the shore. I am here tonight to ask the citizens of this place in our fight. I think I have all the proof you want in prosecuting the state's attorney, and when your committee is ready I shall be glad to serve them."

Captain Saville was followed by Colonel Whittall, who expressed his strong approval of what Capt. Saville had said.

"Matters are unbearable in Highwood," he said. "I have now reduced the number of passes to two each day for each company. If that doesn't serve I will cut off all the passes that allow men to go into Highwood. I am certain that if inside of a year there are no soldiers in Highwood the saloons will be frozen out. It is my intention to freeze them out."

Rev. Quayle, of Libertyville, made an address attacking State's Attorney Hanna and Sheriff Powell.

A committee was appointed and authorized to collect funds for the carrying on of legal prosecution. Reports are being forwarded to Washington by revenue special agents concerning alleged violations of the law among the Highwood saloon keepers.

Chief Special Agent J. W. McGinnis, with two men, have investigated the revenue tax and quality of whiskey in the suburb, and it is declared, found a number of violations of the government revenue laws.

Bazaar and Chicken Pie Supper.

A Bazaar and Chicken Pie Supper will be given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid in the basement of the M. E. church on Wednesday, Dec. 6. Sales will open at 8 o'clock, and a large assortment of fancy articles of every description, aprons and handkerchiefs will be on sale. At 8 o'clock a fine chicken pie supper will be served. Price of supper, adults 25c; children 15c.

...MENU...

Chicken Pie

Rolls Potatoes

Pickles Squash

Jelly Slaw Cheese

Apple Pie Pumpkin Pie

Tea Coffee

Notice.

All those knowing themselves indebted to me are requested to call and settle on or before December 1, as I need the money to use in my business. John Engman.

Museum of the Drama.

Prof. Brander Matthews, of New York City is strongly advocating the establishment of a museum gallery for the drama to show the gradual development of the theater in various countries.

Exchange Screenings.

The preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, he was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude lay in the gallery pelting the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preachin' daddy, and I'll keep 'em awake."

The Penitentiary Mirror, published in the penitentiary of Minnesota, cogitates as follows: "Why is it that from the inception of this paper to the present time we have not had an editor to sojourn in our midst? Other professions have been represented. Of preachers we have had enough to furnish substance to an African chief for a year; of doctors enough to depopulate a state, and lawyers enough to establish a good sized colony in hades. But editors, not one." Of course not. Editors are usually too busy listening to other people's troubles to get into trouble themselves.

The famous Edgerton farm of 319 acres near Dousman, in Waukegan county, the premium farm of Wisconsin, with all its improvements, was presented to Wisconsin consistory of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite last Thursday night by its owner, Willard A. Van Brunt, of Horicon, grand chancellor of the consistory, to serve as a "cornerstone" of a Masonic home, which will give the Wisconsin consistory a unique position in the order. Prominent masons said that the home would be the first in the history of masonry to be owned and controlled exclusively by a consistory.

A good story is told of an Appleton hardware clerk. Saturday evening two of Kaukauna's public school teachers visited the county seat, and going into the principal hardware store on College avenue, asked one of the clerks if he kept "school penknives." "It being the young ladies' desire to procure a pin penknife of the Wisconsin University. The brilliant reply of the clerk was not only astounding but humiliating to the young ladies when he said: "No, we haven't any school penknives, but we keep football pants." The chorus of "b's" that went up from the other clerks sounded as a funeral march to the would-be customers as they left the store. What happened to the brilliant clerk only his associates can tell.

Central Illinois farmers are becoming interested in steam plowing, and at the plowing contest on the Funk farms in McLean county recently, says the Aurora News, a number of demonstrations were given of the value of this method of preparing the soil. A traction engine is attached to a gang of ten plows and draws all of them across a field with greater ease than a team of Normans would draw a single plow. With each time across a strip of twenty feet wide is plowed, and the time is less than would be required to make the distance with a single plow. In these days when traction engines are so numerous it is entirely feasible and practical to use them in this manner. Indeed, with a variety of work for such an engine, more farmers could own one.

825,000 For a Story.

Think of it! Twenty-five thousand dollars for one story! The highest price that has been similarly paid in America to any author. And this for just the exclusive right to print the story in this one publication--no right to publish it in book form being included. Consider the quality of merit this story must possess to command this extraordinary price. The "White Company" has ever been accepted as the greatest work of any author, and by far superior to his own "Sherlock Holmes" tales--but "Sir Nigel," says Conan Doyle himself, surpasses them all.

Conan Doyle receives this fabulous sum for his "Sir Nigel," which begins in the Sunday Magazine part of next Sunday's Record-Herald. Do not fail to buy The Record-Herald for next Sunday, December 3, as this great romance by the world's greatest writer of romantic fiction will be the sensation in the literary world for months to come.

Wall Street Honesty.

John Alexander Dowle, before he set out for his Mexican colony, talked about Wall Street honesty. In conclusion he said:

"Yes, my friend, the honesty of these financiers reminds me of that of the tramp who found a purse.

"Two tramps entered a railroad station to get a drink of ice water, and one of them, seeing a richly-dressed woman drop her pocket book, picked it up and returned it to her.

"His companion was enraged and shocked.

"Don't you know better," he cried, "that to give back a purse like that? Why didn't you keep it for yourself, you dolt?"

"Ah, John," said the other, "honesty is the best policy when a policeman is looking at you, besides, there was nothin' in the purse."

MURDER WORKMEN

Wholesale Slaughter in a Freight Car at Winthrop Harbor

PLACE OF MURDER A HORRIBLE SIGHT

Three Italians Murdered and Two Seriously Wounded at Midnight by Three Italian Would-be Friends

Three Italian section hands are dead and two more are fatally wounded as the result of an encounter with three other Italians in a freight car at Winthrop Harbor between 11 and 12 o'clock last Friday night. The five Italians were living in a box car and on Friday they entertained three visitors at supper. They knew one of them, Pilo Sensoria, who worked one day with this same gang on the railroad. After supper the men sat down to talk and retired rather early. They had nothing to drink, and there were no bottles nor other evidences about the car to show that there had been liquor there at any time.

At 11 o'clock Genovria, one of the five workmen, was rudely awakened by hearing shots in the car, and feeling himself hit. He looked up and saw three other visitors firing promiscuously about the old car. He jumped up and made for the door and ran north along the tracks. Sensoria, one of the visitors, followed him and shot Genovria five times, once across the forehead, once in the hip, once through the arm, and once through the chest. Another wound was made by a bullet which had lodged in his belly.

The eight in the interior of the car was revolting in the extreme. There are five bunks in the car, which stands at the west side of the tracks dismantled on its wheels. Below, on the southwest bunk, lay Joe Cutri, shot in the ear, mortally wounded. As he lay, he breathed rapidly and occasionally made a convulsive move. He bled from nose and head. He died at the Jane McAllister hospital in Waukegan on Monday morning. Just across the car, at the same south end in the lower bunk, lay Dominic August, covered with gore, and with his hands clenched tightly in each other, dead, killed instantly in all probability.

At the northwest corner lay Joe Adnoe, looking also as if killed instantly. He lay in an easy position, also blood covered. On the floor were found thirteen empty S. & W. 32-calibre shells, and eight loaded ones. The sides of the car were pierced with eight bullet holes.

The police of Zion City picked up on the street the missing Italian, whose name is Felice Perrotte, and who escaped from the murderers. He was in his underclothes, and like the rest was spattered with blood and at the last gap. There was a jagged hole in his hip, which showed that he had been shot while making his getaway.

After a chase, in which Chief Swanbrough, Asst. Chief Tyrrell and officer Hicks were most active Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock, two of the murderers were arrested and lodged in the county jail before midnight. The names of the two are: Pilo Salvatore, a Calabrian peasant, with a wife and child in Italy; about 30 years old, of medium height, mustached and grim. Torini Stephano, a Sicilian, short, swart and nervous as a cat; age about 24.

All evening the chief of police and the sheriff of Lake county sent out long distance messages to intercept the murderers wherever they might be, acting on information supplied by sheriff Barber, of Kenosha, that the fugitives had taken a train for the south over the St. Paul at Trueadell, a little station outside Kenosha.

Sheriff Barber of Kenosha county and his aides, including the Kenosha chief, were not inactive either. They, too, sent messages, and it was by one of Sheriff Barber's dispatches, sent to Wadsworth, that the captures were made. A railroad contractor in Wadsworth, by the name of Fletcher, received notice that the three Italians were at large. On his way to the postoffice in that village he noted two who answered the description, so he took them captive without a struggle on their part.

The most important discovery made by coroner's jury was the fact that on Cutri, one of the murdered men, were found \$214 in bills, and a certificate of deposit of \$516 in the Banca Italiana of Clark street, Chicago. This money was strapped about him in a wallet on a leather strap. The bills were separated by sheets of paper, \$20 or \$50 in each roll, hence the coroner was led to believe that he was the banker for the unfortunate men, especially as none of the other men had any money on them. One of the wounded men, however, had \$50 in his trouser leg.

One of the murderers is still at large,

and the authorities believe that he is in hiding in one of the Italian settlements in Waukegan. A man answering the description of the missing murderer was talking to a fireman at the boskery works in Kenosha about the murder, but later he could not be found.

Petit Jury For December Term.

Members of the petit jury as drawn for the December term, which convenes Monday, Dec. 4, is as shown below. It will be noted that Father Gavin, of Waukegan, and Deacon Speicher, of Zion City, are in the list.

Benton--F. R. Burr, W. A. Curtis, Jas. Cole, J. A. Speicher.

Antioch--Harry Smith.

Warren--Frank Burke, John McClure.

Waukegan--Fred H. Alden, John Carlson, G. Hicks, Fred Groose, J. R. Gleason, E. F. Gavin, Martin Holstein, Frank Merchant, W. J. Oliver, J. T. Parker, F. J. Pandt, Fred Erskine.

Shields--George Anderson, C. C. Bawisic, Sidney Burridge, David Keith.

Libertyville--A. G. Fischer, J. B. Morse, Frank Wilson.

Fremont--J. J. Luebke.

Elia--W. F. Hall, C. W. Kohl, Charles Schulz.

Vernon--Geo. Stanger, Geo. M. Weidner.

Deersfield--John Brady, M. J. Cauley, A. Robertson.

A Thanksgiving Wedding.

Thanksgiving day, Thursday November 30, was fittingly observed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Thayer on Main street, by a pretty home wedding, when their youngest daughter, Ethel, was united in Holy Matrimony to Mr. Fred Hembrook of Waterford, Wisconsin. Rev. McNamara performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate family and a few intimate friends. The bride is an accomplished and popular young lady who has lived here all her life and has a large circle of friends who regret very much that she is to leave our village. The groom although a stranger here is a prominent young man of Waterford. After a bounteous wedding feast Mr. and Mrs. Hembrook left midst hearty congratulations on the three fifteen train for their future home at Waterford, carrying with them the good will of hosts of friends who wish them happiness and prosperity through life.

Canada's "Wireless" Stations.

Canada now possesses twelve wireless telegraph stations on the river and gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic coast. Of the twelve stations, which are under the direction of the department of marine and fisheries, nine are high power and three low power. The former can communicate with vessels up to a distance of 250 miles, while the radius of the latter is about 130 miles.

BABY BOYS AS HORSE THIEVES

Three youthful horse thieves, one of whom was on parole from the industrial school, created considerable excitement in Burlington Wednesday afternoon by stealing a horse and rig and driving it over fifty miles through the country before they were captured the following morning. The boys were Paul and Fritz Raach, respectively 9 and 14 years of age, and Arthur Lytton, 15 years old. Fritz, who was recently paroled from the state industrial school, was consequently taken back to that institution to stay until he is 21 years of age.

The horse and rig which were stolen is the property of Fred Meyers, a business man of Burlington, and had been tied on the street when the three youngsters came along, climbed in and drove away. It was some time before the theft was discovered and then it was found that several people had seen the boys drive out of the city toward the south. Officers in all parts of Racine and Kenosha counties were notified, while constable Reed of Burlington took a rig and started in pursuit of the thieves.

Thursday morning the trio were overhauled by Nick Barbain, a farmer living near Twin Lakes, who had been informed by telephone of the affair and found the boys attempting to sell the rig for \$25. When they were captured the Lytton boy, realizing that they were up against it, he broke away and ran for a southbound freight train at Twin Lakes, which he boarded and thus escaped.

Excursions to the South.

Special round trip homeseekers excursions to the southwest, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, and Indian Territory Nov. 7 and 21, Dec. 5 and 19. Seventy-five percent of the one way rate for round trip. Stopovers will be allowed going and returning. For further particulars call on Geo. E. Webb, Antioch.

The Doctor's Wife

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
"I mean to appropriate Mrs. Gilbert for the whole of this day," he said, cheerily; "and I shall give her a full account of Waverly, looked upon from an archaeological, historical and legendary point of view. Never mind your flowers now, Roland; it's a very charming bouquet, but you don't suppose Mrs. Gilbert is going to carry it about all day? Take it into the lodge yonder, and ask them to put it in water; and in the evening, if you're very good, Mrs. Gilbert shall take it home to ornament her parlor at Graybridge."
The gates were opened, and they went in; Isabel arm-in-arm with Mr. Raymond.

Roland placed himself presently on one side of Isabel; but Mr. Raymond was so very instructive that all Mrs. Gilbert's attention was taken up in the effort to understand his discourse, which was very pleasant and lively, in spite of its instructive nature.
It was a very pleasant morning altogether. There was a strangely mingled feeling of dissatisfaction and annoyance in Roland Lansdell's mind, as he strolled beside Isabel, and listened, or appeared to listen, to Mr. Raymond's talk. He would like to have had Isabel's little hand lying lightly on his arm; he would like to have those wondering black eyes lifted to his face; he would like her to have heard the romantic legends belonging to the ruined walls and roofless banquet chambers from him. And yet, perhaps, it was better as it was. He was going away very soon, and it was better not to lull himself in soft delights that were so soon to be taken away from his barren life. Yes, his barren life.

He had come to think of his fate with bitter repining, and to look upon himself as, somehow or other, cruelly ill-used by Providence.
The sun was low when they left the ruins of the feast. The moon had risen, so pale as to be scarcely distinguishable from a faint summer cloud high up in the clear opal heaven. Mr. Raymond took Isabel up by a winding staircase to the top of a high turret, beneath which spread green meads and slopes of verdure, where once stood a lake. Roland went with them, of course, and sat looking out at the still night. Soon the voice of George Gilbert sounded from below, deeply sonorous among the walls and towers, calling to Isabel.

"I must go," she said. "I dare say the fly is ready to take us back. Good night, Mr. Raymond; good night, Mr. Lansdell."
"But I am going down with you to the gate," said Roland; "do you think we could let you go down those slippery stairs by yourself, to fall and break your neck, and haunt the tower by moonlight forever afterward, a pale ghost in shadowy muslin drapery? Here's Mr. Gilbert," he added, as the top of George's hat made itself visible upon the winding staircase; "but I'm sure I know the turret better than he does, and I shall take you under my care."

He took her hand as he spoke, and led her down the dangerous winding way as carefully and tenderly as if she had been a little child. Her hand did not tremble as it rested on his; but something like a mysterious winged creature that had long been imprisoned in her breast, seemed to break its bonds all at once, and float away from her toward him. She thought it was her long-imprisoned soul, perhaps, that so left her, to become a part of his. If that slow downward journey could have lasted forever! But the descent did not last very long, careful as Roland was of every step; and there was the top of George's hat bobbing about in the moonlight all the time.
"Remember to-morrow," Mr. Lansdell said, generally, to the Graybridge party as they took their seats. "I shall expect you as soon as the afternoon service is over. I know you are regular churchgoers at Graybridge. Couldn't you come to Mordred for the afternoon service, by the bye?—the church is well worth seeing." There was a little discussion; and it was finally agreed that Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert and Sigismund should go to Mordred church on the following afternoon.

Mr. Lansdell and Mr. Raymond walked along the road under the shadow of the castle wall, and for some minutes neither of them spoke. Mr. Raymond was rather puzzled when he began to speak; he began very abruptly, taking what one might venture to call a conversational header.

"Roland," he said, "this won't do." "What won't do?" asked Mr. Lansdell coolly.
"Of course, I don't set up for being your mentor," returned Mr. Raymond, "or for having any right to lecture you, or dictate to you. The tie of kinship between us is a very slight one; as far as that goes. Heaven knows that I could scarcely love you better than I do if I were your father. But you are doing mischief; you are turning this silly girl's head. It is no kindness to lend her books; it is no kindness to invite her to Mordred, and to show her brief glimpses of a life that never can be hers. If you want to do a good deed, and to elevate her life out of its present dead level, make her your amover, and give her a hundred a year to distribute amongst her husband's poor patients. The weak, unhappy child is perishing for want of some duty to perform upon this earth, some necessary task to keep her busy from day to day, and to make a link between her husband and herself. Roland, I do believe that you are as good and generous-minded a fellow as ever an old bachelor was proud of. My dear boy, let me feel prouder of you than I have ever felt yet. Leave to-morrow morning. It will be easy to invent some excuse for going. Go to-morrow, Roland!"

"I will," answered Mr. Lansdell, after a brief pause. "I will go, Raymond," he repeated, holding out his hand and clasping that of his friend. "I suppose I have been going a little astray lately; but I only wanted the voice of a true-hearted fellow like you to call me back to the straight road. I shall leave to-morrow, a brief pause. "I will go, Raymond," he repeated, holding out his hand and clasping that of his friend. "I suppose I have been going a little astray lately; but I only wanted the voice of a true-hearted fellow like you to call me back to the straight road. I shall leave to-morrow,

Raymond, and it may be a very long time before you see me back again." The watchdog's honest bark—or rather the bark of several watchdogs—made the night clamorous presently, when Mr. Lansdell drew rein before the porch; but there was no eye to mark his coming, and he was brighter when he came, unless, indeed, it was the eye of his valet.

"You may set to work at once with my portmanteaus, Jads," he said, when he met his servant in the hall. "I must leave Mordred to-morrow morning in time for the 7 o'clock express from Wardcliffe. You can go to bed when you're finished packing. I've some letters to write, and shall be late."

The letters which he had to write turned out to be only one letter, or rather, a dozen variations upon the same theme, which he tore up, one after another, almost as soon as they were written. He was not wont to be so fastidious in the wording of his epistles, but to-night he could not be satisfied with what he wrote. He wrote to Mrs. Gilbert, yes, to her! Why should he not write to her when he was going away to-morrow morning—when he was going to offer up that vague, bright dream which had lately beguiled him, a willing sacrifice, on the altar of duty and honor?
"Dear Mrs. Gilbert—I much regret that circumstances which only came to my knowledge after your party left last night, will compel me to leave Mordred early to-morrow morning. I am, therefore, compelled to forego the pleasure which I anticipated from our friendly little dinner to-morrow evening; but pray assure Smith that the Priory is entirely at his disposal whenever he likes to come here."

"I hope you will convey to Mr. Gilbert my warmest thanks, with the accompanying check, for the kindness and skill which have endeared him to my cottagers. I shall be very glad if he will continue to look after them, and I will arrange for the carrying out of any sanitary improvements he may suggest to Hodgson, my steward."

"The library will be always prepared for you whenever you feel inclined to read and study there, and the contents of the shelves will be entirely at the service of yourself and Mr. Gilbert."
"With regards to your husband, and all friendly wishes for Smith's prosperity and success, I remain, dear Mrs. Gilbert, very truly yours,
"ROLAND LANDELL."

CHAPTER XV.
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert went to church arm-in-arm, as usual, on the morning after the picnic; Sigismund stayed at home to sketch. The day was very fine—a real summer day, with a blazing sun and a cloudless blue sky. The sunshine seemed like a good omen, Mrs. Gilbert thought, as she dressed herself in the white muslin robe that she was to wear at Mordred.

She was thinking of the wonderful happiness that lay before her—an evening among pictures and hothouse flowers and marble busts and trailing silken curtains, and with glimpses of a moonlit expanse of lawn and shrubbery glancing through every open window, when a bell rang loud and shrill in her ear, and looking round suddenly, she saw a man in livery standing outside the garden gate. The doctor's wife turned the key in the lock and opened the gate; but the man only wanted to deliver a letter.

"From Mr. Lansdell, ma'am," he said. She read it very hurriedly twice, and then all at once comprehended that Roland was going away for some years—forever—it was all the same thing; and that she would never, never, never—the word seemed to repeat itself in her brain like the dreadful clanging of a bell—never see him again!

She knew that Sigismund was looking at her, and asking her some question about the contents of the letter. "What did Lansdell say? Was it a put-out, what?" Mr. Smith demanded; but Isabel did not answer him. She handed him the open letter, and then, suddenly turning from him, ran into the house, upstairs into her room. She locked the door, flung herself face downward upon the bed, and wept as a woman weeps in the first great agony of her life. The sound of those passionate sobs was stifled by the pillows amidst which her face was buried, but the anguish of them shook her from head to foot. It was very wicked to have thought of him so much, to have loved him so dearly. The punishment of her sin came to her all at once, and was very bitter.

Mr. Gilbert went upstairs by and by, and finding the door of her chamber locked, knocked on the panel, and asked Isabel if she did not mean to go to church. But she told him she had a dreadful headache, and wanted to stay at home.

Mrs. Gilbert got up by and by, when the western sky was all one lurid glow of light and color. She got up because there was little peace for a weary spirit in that chamber, to the door of which some considerate creature came every half hour or so to ask Isabel if her head was any better by this time, if she would have a cup of tea, if she would come downstairs and lie on the sofa, and to torment her with many other thoughtful inquiries of the like nature. She was not to be alone with her great sorrow. Sooner or later she must go out and begin life again, and face the blank world in which he was not. Better, since it must be so, that she should begin her dreary task at once. She bathed her face and head, she plaited her long black hair before the little glass, behind which the lurid skies glared redly at her. Ah, how often in the sunny morning she had stood before that shabby, old-fashioned glass thinking of him, and the chance of meeting him beside the mill stream, under the flickering shadows of the oak leaves at Thurston Grange! And now it was all over, and she would never, never, never see him again.

She went downstairs by and by, in the dusk, with her face as white as the tumbled muslin that hung about her in limp and lumpy folds. She went down into the little parlor, where George and Sigismund were waiting for tea.

She told them that her head was better; and then began to make the tea, scooping up vague quantities of congo and gunpowder with the little silver spoon—she had been deluged to Mrs. Gilbert's grandmother.

"But you've been crying, Izle!" George exclaimed, presently, for Mrs. Gilbert's eyelids looked red and swollen in the light of the candles.

"Yes, my head was so bad it made me cry; but please don't ask me any more about it," Isabel pleaded, piteously. "I suppose it was the picnic—she nearly broke down upon the word, remembering how good he had been to her all through that happy day—'yesterday that made me ill.'"

"I dare say it was that lobster salad," Mr. Gilbert answered briskly. "I ought to have told you not to eat it."

Sigismund Smith watches his hostess with a grave countenance, while she poured out the tea and handed the cups right and left. Poor Isabel managed it all with tolerable steadiness; and then, when the miserable task was over, she sat by the window alone, staring blankly out at the dusty shrubs distinct in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XVI.
All through the autumnal months, all through the dreary winter, George Gilbert's wife endured her existence, and hated it. The days were all alike, all "dark, and cold, and dreary," and her life was "dark, and cold, and dreary," like the days.

Mrs. Gilbert did not forget that passage in Roland Lansdell's letter, in which he had placed the Mordred library at her disposal.

The first visit to Mordred made the doctor's wife very unhappy. Was it not a reopening of all the old wounds? Having broken the ice, however, she went very often to the Priory; and on one or two occasions even condescended to take an early cup of tea with Mrs. Warman, the housekeeper.

One day in March, one bleak day, when the big fires in the rooms at Mordred seemed especially comfortable, Mrs. Gilbert carried her books into an inner apartment, half boudoir, half drawing room, at the end of a long suite of splendid chambers. She took off her bonnet and shawl, and smoothed her dark hair before the glass. She had altered a little since the autumn, and the face that looked out at her to-day was thinner and older than that passionate tear-blotched face which she had seen in the glass on the night of Roland Lansdell's departure. Her sorrow had not been the less real because it was weak and childish, and had told considerably upon her appearance. But she was getting over it. She was almost sorry to think it was so. She was almost grieved to find that her grief was less than it had been six months ago, and that the splendor of Roland Lansdell's image was perhaps a trifle faded.

The Priory clocks struck three succeeding hours, but Mrs. Gilbert sat in the same attitude, thinking of Roland Lansdell. The thought of going home and facing her daily life again was utterly painful to her. Once more Isabel Gilbert floated away upon the wings of sentiment and fancy, into that unreal region where the young squire of Mordred reigned supreme, beautiful as a prince in a fairy tale, grand as a demigod in some classic legend.

The French clock on the mantel-piece chimed the half-hour after four, and Mrs. Gilbert looked up aroused for a moment from her reverie.

"Half past four," she thought; "it will be dark at six, and I have a long walk home." She paused suddenly. The door of the boudoir was ajar; all the other doors in the long range of rooms were open, and she heard footsteps coming rapidly toward her; a man's footsteps!

Her heart beat violently, her hands clasped, her lips apart and tremulous. And in the next moment the step was close to the threshold, the door was pushed open, and she was face to face with Roland Lansdell—Roland Lansdell, whom she never thought to see again upon this earth! Roland Lansdell, whose face had looked at her in her dreams by day and night any time within these last six months!

"Isabel—Mrs. Gilbert!" he said, holding out both his hands, and taking hers, which were as cold as death.

She tried to speak, but no sound came from her tremulous lips. She could utter no word of welcome to this restless wanderer, but stood before him breathless and trembling. Mr. Lansdell drew a chair toward her, and made her sit down.

(To be continued.)
At the Reception.
"I feel quite lost to-night. Forgot to bring me new glasses. Who is that overdressed woman by the mantle?"
"Eh! That's my wife."
"Beg pardon. And who is the seraphic girl in blue standing by her?"
"That's my daughter."
"By Jove, how stupid! And tell me, please, who is that gawky-looking fellow with the big ears who is standing just opposite us?"
"That's your own reflection in the mirror, you idiot!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

After That Deluge.
Towne—There are some hot ball games up at the Athletics' grounds these days. Why don't you take your wife to one of them?
Browne—Gracious! I don't want to be a widower. She's too tender-hearted and sympathetic.

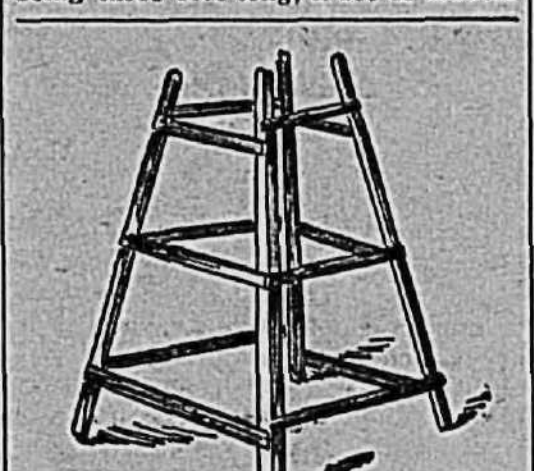
Towne—What has that to do with it?
Browne—Why, it would be just like her to sympathize with the umpire.—Philadelphia Press.

Naming No Names.
"I'm glad I don't live in Germany right now," said the man who was trying to occupy three seats at once in the street car. "I'm afraid of cholera."
"No doubt you are," said his neighbor, savagely. "I know a farmer who had a whole drove die of it the other day."—Cleveland Leader.

Point of View.
First Suburbanite—Was your garden a success this year?
Second Suburbanite—You bet it was. My next door neighbor's chickens took the first prize at the poultry show.



Ventilating Corn Shocks.
Sometimes a streak of foggy or rainy weather will cause the stacks of corn in the field to mould badly, which may be overcome if a ventilator is used. The ventilator racks are made of rough lumber or, if one has access to the woods, poles could be cut which would answer the purpose quite as well.
This rack is not of necessity used in the field, but can be used near the barn after the stacks have been garnered and in this way a considerable quantity can be stored. It consists of four upright pieces each ten feet long, which are used as corner posts; cross pieces are fastened on all sides six or eight inches from the bottom, these pieces being three feet long; a set of shorter

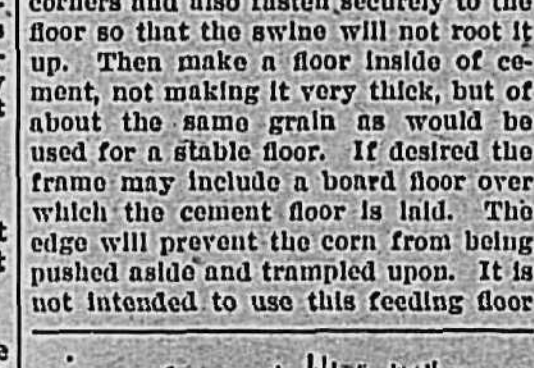


CORN SHOCK VENTILATOR.
cross pieces is provided for placing at about the middle of the rack and another set near the top, the latter pieces each being eighteen inches long. The illustration shows the construction of this rack clearly.

Value of Good Roads.
After careful inquiry it has been found that the average haul of the American farmer in getting his product to market or to the nearest shipping station is twelve miles, and the average cost of hauling over the common country roads is 25 cents a ton per mile, or \$3 a ton for a twelve-mile haul, says Portland Oregonian. An estimate places the total tons hauled at 300,000,000 a year. On the estimate of \$3 a ton for twelve miles this would make the total cost of getting the surplus products of the farm to the local market or to the railroad no less than \$900,000—a figure greater than the operating expenses of all the railroads of the United States. If anything could make an argument for good wagon roads this statement surely may.

Feeding Floor for Hogs.
When one has a number of hogs to feed the trough is not always the best thing to use for the purpose, for the swine are apt to break it down or else are unable to get the food fast enough to suit them, and so get to quarrelling. One of the best methods of feeding is a large pan or floor made of cement and rough logs; this may be of any dimensions desired, although it is best made just wide enough so that the animals can feed from both sides, which will accomplish much in the way of keeping them out of it with their feet. Make the frame of rough lumber or of logs cut in half and some six or eight inches high.

Fasten this frame securely at the corners and also fasten securely to the floor so that the swine will not root it up. Then make a floor inside of cement, not making it very thick, but of about the same grain as would be used for a stable floor. If desired the frame may include a board floor over which the cement floor is laid. The edge will prevent the corn from being pushed aside and trampled upon. It is not intended to use this feeding floor



FEEDING FLOOR.
for slop or for soft food of any kind, but only for grain, roots and roughage. The illustration shows the plan clearly and any one can easily build such a floor, which, if carefully made, will last for years.

Quick Churning.
A novelty at the large agricultural show in London is a churn which is reported to make butter in sixty seconds. The cream is placed in the vessel so that the "dasher" is in the center, and about 1 1/2 inches below the surface. The handle is then turned slowly for a few seconds, and then at a good speed, and within one minute butter is formed. If some fresh cold water be poured in and the handle turned slowly two or three times, the butter is ready for washing and making up.

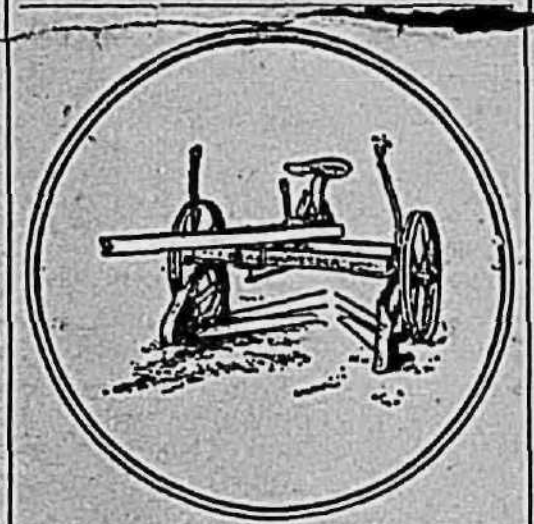
Increase of English Fruit Culture.
The total number of acres in Great Britain devoted to small fruit is now 78,822, as compared with 77,047 acres in 1904, showing an increase over the latter year of 875 acres, or 1.1 per cent. The acreage covered by orchards is

244,323, as compared with 243,063 in 1904, showing an increase of 1,315, or 0.5 per cent.

Comfort in the Hog House.
In repairing our hog houses we found that a roll of building paper and one of tarred paper were the best investments we had made in some time; the one was used on the walls and the other on the roof so that much more expensive repairs were saved. Then we found it was policy to arrange the sleeping corner in such a way that it was impossible for it to get any of the filth or the wet which the swine gathered during the day. It was placed so that none of the slop got into it and about the only way it got soiled was when the swine trampled through it with their muddy feet. Even then by taking it out into the sun each day it made a good bed for a number of nights. A hog is a strange animal, stubborn, of course, but it will not long miss its bed if the latter is clean and comfortable. Much of the nastiness of hogs is due to the neglect of their owners. We also arrange the sleeping corner so that it is out of the draft, although the house is properly ventilated; as a result there are few if any cases of chills and colds among our swine. All this extra good care means healthy swine. It is not well to work on the plan that if the hogs escape cholera they are doing well.—Exchange.

Proper Storage of Apples.
To decide properly to which kind of storage the grower or buyer shall send his fruit requires the best of judgment, for many factors must be considered in making the choice and upon their just balancing will depend, to quite an extent, the profit or loss in handling the crop. Growers, generally, are more interested in storage this year, probably than usual. To all growers, to those who usually hold more or less of their fruit for winter sale or home use, and to the buyers who must plan for the best keeping of the purchased fruit, the bulletins of the agricultural experiment stations will be of interest and value. One of these discusses critically the factors which influence the keeping quality of apples, as ascertained through many years' experience at the station or by correspondence and interviews with the leading apple handlers of the country. It also gives detailed results of the storage of 105 varieties of apples, in the ordinary temperature room of the station fruit storage house, or in a cold storage building, with notes upon most of the varieties as handled by practical storage men.

Harvesting the Bean Crop.
Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts. The bean harvester or cut-



BEAN HARVESTER.
ter, shown here, is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades, so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just at or below the surface and cut the bean stalks or pull them up. The blades are set obliquely, sloping backward toward one another.

Wintering Half Calves.
If the calf is worth carrying through the winter it is certainly worth caring for properly and by properly is meant good food and water and proper care. If the calf is strong and healthy it ought to pay well for the best attention that can be given it; first of all it needs a dry, clean place, not warmed by artificial heat, but as warm as lack of draughts in a comfortable stable will make it. The early days of the calf, just after weaning, are of great importance to it and too much care cannot be taken to see that the milk given it is absolutely fresh and pure and fed in proper quantities.

As a rule, the calf will properly take care of eight pounds of milk per day, which amount can be gradually increased until at a month old it is consuming twelve pounds daily. About this time it ought also to become interested in hay and after a while will begin chewing its cud. A calf built up in this manner during the winter will be in excellent shape to turn out to pasture in the spring and get most of its living until fall, when you will have a splendid animal, one you will be proud to add to your herd.

Selling a Farm by Pictures.
Those who are trying to sell their farms will find good photographs quite an aid. A number of these should be taken, showing different parts of the farm and the buildings and copies left with the real estate agent. Such pictures will give intending buyers a better idea of the farm than any amount of talk or printed matter.

A good, vigorous colony produces an average of 100 pounds of honey each year, besides storing up enough to keep themselves during the winter.

An Oregon bee keeper has planted many acres of alfalfa for his bees and his 550 colonies last year produced nearly 40,000 pounds of honey.

SET WORLD'S RECORD.

AMERICAN FARMS SHOW UNPARALLELED PROSPERITY.

Secretary Wilson Declares Crop Yield of 1905 is \$6,415,000,000—Corn Alone Worth Billion—Increase in Land Values.

The products of the farms of the United States in 1905 reached a value of \$6,415,000,000, the highest amount ever reached, according to the annual report of Secretary Wilson.

Besides the enormous yield the Secretary estimates the farms of the country have increased in value during the last five years to a present aggregate of \$6,133,000,000.

"Every sunset during the last five years," he says, "has registered an increase of \$3,400,000 in the value of the farms of this country."

In dealing with the crop report "leak," Secretary Wilson, after referring to the "gross breach of trust on the part of one of the employees of the bureau of statistics," says: "This department acted with vigor and dispatch when it got evidence of wrongdoing on the part of its own officials, but we have no evidence of disciplinary or preventive action at the traders' end of the line, where gamblers, interested neither in the production nor the consumption, disturb values to the injury of both and make loud outcry when creatures of their own kind corrupt officials to betray confidence for the love of money."

"The responsibility for this 'leak' is shared by every one, who, to get money without work, gamble in farm products. When this form of industry ceases these parasites who tempt department officials will have to work for their bread."

Analyzing the principal crops for the year, the Secretary says that corn reached its highest production with 2,708,000,000 bushels, a gain of 42,000,000 bushels over the next lowest year, 1890.

The hay crop is valued at \$605,000,000. Cotton, \$575,000,000; wheat, \$525,000,000; oats, \$282,000,000; potatoes, \$138,000,000; barley, \$53,000,000; tobacco, \$52,000,000; sugar cane and sugar beets, \$50,000,000; rice, \$23,802,000; dairy products, \$665,000,000, an increase of \$54,000,000 over last year.

"The farmer's hen," the Secretary says, "is becoming a worthy companion to his cow. The annual production of eggs is now a score of billions."

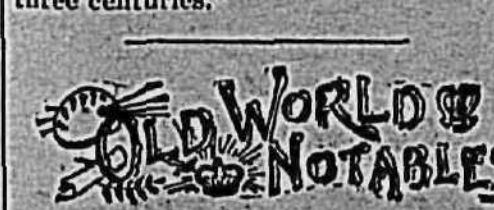
There are more horses and with a larger aggregate value than ever before, notwithstanding, as the Secretary says, they were first threatened by bicycle and later by the automobile.

He estimates their value at \$1,200,000,000, or nearly as much as the corn crop, and the value of mules at \$252,000,000.

Under the recent amendment to the national banking act allowing the establishment of banks with a capitalization of less than \$50,000, there have been 1,754 such banks established in the last year, nearly every one of which is located in a rural community and the capital furnished by farmers. "In the north central States farmers have been depositing money in the banks until the rate of interest on deposits has fallen so low that they have diverted a large portion of their savings to permanent investments," says the report. "In spite of the fact that the banks do not receive and keep all or most of the farmers' savings, the increase of bank deposits in agricultural States and larger regions is most extraordinary."

"The remarkable increases in bank deposits in agricultural States, as well as the increase in the number of small country banks, are directly and indirectly because of the profits that have come to the farmers from the operation of their farms. The man with the hoe has become the man with the harvester and the depositor and shareholder of the bank."

"Should there be no relapse from his present position as a wealth producer, three years hence the farmer will find that the farming element, about 35 per cent of the population, has produced an amount of wealth within ten years equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced in three centuries."



The late Sir Tamagno, in spite of his lavish generosity, managed to amass a larger fortune than any singer of his time, with perhaps the exception of Jean de Reszke. His only daughter inherited more than \$1,000,000.

When Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was chancellor of the exchequer it was an interesting study to watch him walking up Downing street to attend an important council. He would inflict heavy blows and swift passes at imaginary enemies upon the pavement with the end of his faithful umbrella.

The Right Hon. Sir Francis Bertie, British ambassador in Paris, recently passed his sixty-first birthday, having been forty-one years in service.

The Duke of Argyll was 90 years of age recently. During the last twenty-one years he has produced upwards of a dozen books, including the opera of "Diarmid" in the great jubilee year.

Isen works in a room in which there are doors opening into five other apartments. As he composes his wanderers from room to room. He eats little while writing his dramas and declares that good meals prevent keen brain work.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The news that the Hamburg-American Line—a subsidized auxiliary of the German Navy, has acquired coaling and wharfage rights at the Island of St. Thomas has drawn attention to Secretary Root's recent utterances, that he was prepared to urge Congress to action about the new German tariff.

The best informed in Washington political news say that in deference to the wishes of those that favor readjustment of the tariff schedules at the coming session of Congress, the President in his message will express his belief that some schedules need modification and his hope that Congress with its ability to determine the time for such change will meet the needs and wishes of the country.

St. Petersburg dispatches state that the Czar, by imperial manifesto, has made extensive land grants to the Russian peasants and that taxes have been reduced one-half, with the promise of total abolition in the near future. The Czar has probably learned that the peasant proprietors of France are the men who have made France wealthy and the men who have paid the cost of all of her wars since the Revolution.

Members of Congress now in Washington whose long service and senatorial prestige gives special value to their utterances say that during the summer Senator Knox has been in conference with nearly all the leaders in the Senate upon the subject of Railway Rate Legislation and especially the form desired by the President. Senator Knox has convinced them moreover that what Mr. Roosevelt wants is constitutional and at the same time practical and simple.

While it may be humiliating to some to read that all the foreign Engineers voted against our practically adopted plan for a lock canal and that now members of Congress have discovered that we are paying to Canal officials too much money, we may still find gratification in the fact that the Senate adopted Senator Spooner's bill so carefully worded, that no more money may be put into the Canal until Congress has reviewed the causes of the present unsatisfactory conditions.

The reported friction between this country and Germany over the new tariff schedules, that the Germans are to enforce after March 1, 1906, is somewhat minimized by the remarks of the members of Congress that claim to have read the passages on this subject in the President's forthcoming message. According to these gentlemen the President has presented the subject in a way that will command the attention of Congress and bring to its notice all the facts necessary for it to judiciously decide the questions involved.

It has been suggested that we need upon our battleships young men too high spirited to submit to hazing—a practice designed to teach self control under the most exasperating circumstances. It would be interesting to know how much the hazing of their cadet days contributed to the superb and statesmanlike self-control as shown by Admiral Dewey when alone in Manila Bay—and which enabled Captain Sigbee amid the groans of his massacred crew and the ruins of the battleship Maine to cable from Manila, "Suspend public judgment pending investigation."

News dispatches from Washington are to the effect that a number of Americans were induced to settle in the Isle of Pines because of official statements from the War Department, that it was United States territory, that when policy made it expedient to cede the Island to Cuba the Department suppressed the official publications that had led a number of home-seekers to the little Island, their complaints are now before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate and those in a position to know intimate that Congressional discussion of the matter will develop facts as surprising to the public as interesting to those concerned in the settlement of the question.

President Butler of Columbia University in New York last week announced that the idea of sending a Professor abroad to teach American history and of having Professors from Berlin come to Columbia, as experts in their several lines "seems to us both striking in its originality and splendid in its possibility." Yes, the possibilities are splendid, but does not President Butler know Thomas Jefferson inaugurated that idea nearly a hundred years ago? Writing to John Adams in 1825 he said, "I have no reason to regret the measure taken of procuring professors from abroad where science is so much ahead of us. We can thus improve our science as we have our manufactures by borrowed skill." The conditions are changed now, we are not behind Europe in science or manufactures.

Relative to the naval policy of the United States, we have the remarkable conditions of the President and his chosen Secretary of the Navy in opposition to each other. The President is perhaps better acquainted with the Navy than with any other branch

Ayer's

We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell

Cherry Pectoral

you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds.

for
Hard Coughs

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

of the service. He was Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the beginning of the Spanish war, and he has persistently in his messages to Congress, in his speeches, and in his private talks urged the building of more and larger battle ships. Now the Secretary of the Navy, his personal friend and choice, recommends the cessation of ship-building and the strengthening of the naval personnel. Can it be possible that the Administration is at war with itself, or is there a secret agreement between the Secretary of the Navy and the President that the time has come for retrenchment and for more particular attention to the increase, numerically and in efficiency of the force of men behind the guns? If this is the policy, it would appear to be a wise one, for we have on the stocks to be completed within the next four or five years, a greater number of battleships than we can now officer and man.

BOTH SAILORS QUICK OF WIT

Sparkling Exchange of Repartee Makes Good Story.

Miss Harriet Mellon, the English actress, who married Mr. Coutts, the banker, and after his death became the wife of the ninth Duke of St. Albans, ultimately leaving her large fortune to the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts of England, was fond of relating the following anecdote:

The eccentric Sir John Duckworth was port admiral at Plymouth when Miss Mellon appeared at the theater there with great success. A numerous party were invited to a déjeuner at the admiral's house to admire the produce of his fruit garden, of which he was very proud, and Miss Mellon accompanied one of the officers' wives by the host's request. As may be supposed, the handsome young actress was a great attraction for the young officers, and when the party broke up the admiral observed that the midshipman who had been her most assiduous beau was secreting a small pineapple gathered from the admiral's garden.

Guessing that it would be an offering of gallantry to the actress, he asked what was to become of it.

"Sir," the culprit replied, with ready assurance, "our melancholy mess are inclined to pine."

"While you, I perceive, only pine for Mellon," stuttered the admiral, and taking away the "apple of discord" presented it himself to the actress.

A liquid cold cure and the only Cough Syrup which moves the bowels—works all cold out of the system—is Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Clears the head and throat and makes weak lungs strong. Best for croup, whooping cough, etc. Children love it. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Call in the Morning.

Into one of the biggest financial institutions of Fourth avenue a man walked, carrying with him an air of importance and extreme business, on two afternoons last week. When a clerk behind a teller's window told him the head of the department he wished to see was out, he said something under his breath.

Yesterday afternoon he went again, and asked information of a uniformed attendant, whose functions are mysterious, instead of the clerk. "No," "deed, sah, he's out. Won't be back till to-morrow mornin'."

The busy man pressed for an explanation.

"Well, it's dis way," said the darkey, "deys a ball game dis afternoon."

This is not the only prosperous Fourth avenue place where morning calls are the only ones to make if a man of importance is wanted.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Who Could Ask More?
In a certain saloon in the center of the city there is a bartender whose knowledge of things not strictly in the line of his profession is just a trifle limited. One day the proprietor of the saloon said, noticing his poor methods:

"Joe, you have no system."
The bartender slipped around to one of his colleagues and whispered: "Pat, loan me your system—the old man wants one."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse substitutes. Sold by J. H. Swan.

MONSTER GORILLA OF AFRICA.

Huge Animal Believed to Belong to an Unknown Species.

Interesting information regarding huge gorillas of hitherto unknown species has been obtained by Eugene Brusseaux, a French official and explorer from northern Africa. One of these strange monsters was shot by one of the official's sharpshooters. The animal measured 7 feet 6 inches in height, was 4 feet in width across the shoulders and weighed 720 pounds. One of the hands, when dismembered, weighed six pounds. It required the united efforts of eight native soldiers to drag the dead body of the beast from the point where it was killed to the French residency at Quessou, the administrative center of central Sangha. The animal was here skinned and buried.

Reports have been received at this station frequently during the last few months of the presence of these big creatures in the upper valleys of Lomani and Sangereh, but hitherto it had been impossible to come to close quarters with them. According to native reports, however, the animals are usually ferocious, not hesitating to attack caravans during their passage through the country.

These gorillas differ essentially from others. The ears are small, the shoulders and thighs are covered with dense and long black hair, while the chest and stomach are almost bare. It is believed that they belong to a species that has not heretofore been seen by white men.

Capt. Coffin and the Whale.

The following story is told of Capt. Coffin of Nantucket, who was cruising for sperm whales in the Pacific ocean: A school was sighted and the boats were lowered, and soon the captain's boat was "fast." Usually when a whale is struck (harpooned) he sounds or goes down. Then it is time to look out and see where he is coming up.

This particular whale came up under the boat, with jaws wide open, crushing the boat and throwing out the crew. The captain found himself in the whale's jaw, and, probably recalling Jonah, he wriggled out of his unpleasant surroundings as quickly as possible.

On relating his experience to some friends after his return home, he was asked: "Capt. Coffin, what did you think when you were in the whale's jaw?" "What did I think? I thought he'd make a hundred barrels," was the reply.

Silent Woman.

The opposition to the payment of the church tax in Scotland is occasionally relieved by a ray of humor.

Quite recently Rev. J. Stephenson, president of the Free church council, resolved to face a week's incarceration rather than submit to taxation. He had no property which could be distrainted upon, and on the form which he received on which to state what he was willing to hand over to be sold he wrote:

"Self."

In the next column, in which he was required to state the value of the goods, he inserted:

"Wife won't say."—London Standard.

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

We will send you a sample free.
Be sure that this picture is in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and \$1; all druggists.

FIRE AND DYNAMITE

COMBINATION BROUGHT TOGETHER BY CHILDREN.

Experience of Mining Engineer Calculated to Turn Hair Gray in a Few Moments—Almost a Miracle There Was No Catastrophe.

Among the many adventures that befell a well-known engineer in the course of his mining experience was one connected with dynamite. In the spring of 1869, while camping in the Rocky mountains, rooms had been built for the accommodation of the men employed there, and for the storing of dynamite, etc. The superintendent sent for his wife and children, who, numerous and turbulent, made free use of the place, with the necessary exception of the dynamite storehouse. Probably for the reason that they were frequently caught in it, to be dismissed promptly with a caution. Finally it was thought that they had forgotten the subject. The engineer was going home early on the morning of April 25, after having been sitting up all night with a refractory furnace, and as he walked past the various doors of the huge storehouse he noticed that the outer door of a room containing giant powder was ajar.

Thinking of the gross carelessness of which some one had been guilty, he went to shut the door, but as he did so he glanced inside, and, to his horror, he saw the whole half dozen children sitting on the various cases, trying to see which could make a match burn the longest. There was enough explosive substance in the room to blow up the entire town, and it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could prevent such a catastrophe happening.

It flashed through the engineer's mind in a second that if he startled the children they would drop their matches and run, with only one possible appalling result. They were too busy to have caught sight of him, so he moved a little away from the door, and, with a voice shaken with emotion, he called softly to them. At first they did not seem to notice the call, for they kept on with their dangerous amusement.

Beads of perspiration, caused by his great fright, stood on the face of the engineer, and it was with great difficulty he articulated a second call; but it was heard inside by the children, who immediately jumped from their elevated positions and came one by one slowly out of the room. The moment the last child—who still was carrying a burning match—crossed the threshold, the engineer rushed madly into the room, only just in time to extinguish a burning match dropped by one of the little ones.

After a searching look round the room to see that all was safe, he looked the door and, with a gasp of relief, fell half-fainting on the ground outside, scarcely able to realize the narrow escape of life and property that was just over.

Wanted to Hear the Music.

In the town of Douglas, Mass., several years ago, an eccentric Frenchman kept a saloon. He was especially fond of music, although nothing else ever interrupted his studies of how to be meaner than any of his fellow-men.

One summer night the village band was giving a free concert near the saloon, and those who came to hear the music included many thirsty ones who cared more for the sociability of the saloon than for the music outside.

The saloon was filled, and all were talking at once, and in high-pitched voices, when the heavier voice of the saloon keeper called a sudden halt, as he bawled: "Youse teller stop dat dam holler! Dar band, she goin' to play anoder game."

A Cough Syrup which drives a cold out of the system by acting as a cathartic on the bowels is offered in Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Clears the throat, strengthens the lungs and crumpling tubes. The mother's friend and the children's favorite. Best for croup, whooping cough, etc. Sold by J. H. Swan.

All the Same to Her.

An English paper relates that several American tourists were "doing" the lake region in England recently. One of them, an old lady, rather deaf, was on the box seat. As the vehicle passed the houses associated with famous names in literature, the driver directed the attention of the passengers to them. With a jerk of the whip he announced, "De Quincey's house."

"Whose?" demanded the old lady.

"De Quincey's," repeated the driver.

"Would you repeat? I'm a little hard of hearing."

"De Quincey's," again bawled the driver.

"Oh, Dick Winslow's," said the old lady, and down it went in the notebook with all the other celebrities.

Pawnshops in Honolulu.

For the first time in its history Honolulu has pawnbroking shops. Two have started recently. As a consequence the soldiers of the United States army transport Buford pawned hundreds of articles in order to get money for liquor. Musical instruments were the principal articles pledged or sold.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds, reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Cough Season IS AGAIN HERE

White Pine and Tar

Is the thing for those annoying coughs. 25 cents

at SWAN'S DRUG STORE

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SPECIALIST.
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Do you want to know about rich farming lands, fertile, well located, on a Trunk Line Railroad, which will produce two, three and four crops from the same field each year, and which can be purchased at very low prices and on easy terms? About stock raising where the extreme of winter feeding is but six (6) short weeks? Of places where truck growing and fruit raising yield enormous returns yearly. Of a land where you can live out of doors every day in the year? Of opportunities for establishing profitable manufacturing industries; of rich mineral locations, and splendid business openings.

If you want to know the details of any or all of these write me. I will gladly advise you fully and truthfully.

G. A. PARK, General Immigration and Industrial Agent
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UNDERTAKER.
Licensed Embalmer
Licensed by the State Board of Health

Loeb an Expert Rider.
William Loeb, Jr., secretary of the president, is an enthusiastic equestrian and a good rider. While in Oyster Bay last summer it was his custom to make his trips twice daily to Sagamore Hill on horseback. He has a fine mount, a western range mare sired by a pure-blooded Arabian.

A Lonesome Sea Lion.
Zoological Specialist (gazing at solitary sea lion in the Dublin Zoo)—Where is his mate?
Irish Keeper—He has no mate, son. We just fade him on fish.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. Sold by J. H. Swan.

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Between Washington and Madison.

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Cures all Coughs and assists in expelling Colds from the System by gently moving the bowels. A certain cure for croup and whooping-cough.
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ADJOINING

From our Staff
Correspondents.

TOWNS

LAKE VILLA, ILL.

D. Sugar was in the city Thursday.
Mrs. J. Jarvis spent Thursday in the city.
Mrs. W. Snyder and children were in Antioch Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Minto called on friends here Wednesday.
Miss Lillian McMahon spent last week visiting relatives in the city.
Mr. Huntington spent Sunday with his daughter Mildred at Allendale.
Mr. C. Harbaugh went to the city Friday.
Mr. Fred Morrell entertained his brother and friend Mr. Pickett Sunday.
M. Sugar spent a few days in the city the first of the week.
The Ladies Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. C. G. Nelson on Wednesday afternoon December 6.
Miss Flora Bowling and Mrs. R. Dawson spent Wednesday with their sister, Mrs. E. Sheppardson.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Barnstable and Miss Doris Rowling visited over Sunday with Mrs. J. Waters.

MILLBURN, ILL.

Percy Bock, of Libertyville, spent Sunday here with his brother, Clarence Bock.
C. E. Topic, Dec. 3—"Our one excuse." Jappe Jeppeson, leader.
Miss Carrie Bator returned from Gurnee last Friday.
Mrs. Ralph Taylor and son Glenn, of Lily Lake, returned to their home on Friday.
Ole, Pearl and Rubie Cleveland, Helen Safford, Margaret White and Leslie Cannon, are at home this week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stewart attended the wedding of her brother Mr. James Corrin and Miss Olive Spence, of Hyde Park, on Saturday, Nov. 25.
Miss Blanche Lovelidge, of Waukegan, who is the county secretary and treasurer, visited our Sunday school last Sunday in the interest of county work.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mrs. Taylor is on the sick list.
Mrs. Wolch spent last week at the home of her parents at Junction City.
Tom Garland of Bristol was calling on Trevor friends Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Booth returned Friday from Topeka, Kansas.
Mrs. Alice Terpinz entertained Mrs. Cora Zimmerman of Chicago the last of the week.
Mrs. John Turnock was the guest of her son Charles in Kenosha on Thanksgiving day.
Pete Schumacher had the misfortune to crush one foot quite badly last week while working with a hay press.
About fifty were present at the Cemetery society at Mrs. George Booth's on Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Newell Parks went to Kenosha on Wednesday where they will visit with relatives.
Master Byron Patrick spent Saturday and Sunday at Salem with his grandmother Mrs. Palmatier.

BRISTOL, WIS.

Mr. Roy Jackson spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. C. Jackson, of Kenosha.
Mr. Abe DeVoynt made a business trip to Kenosha on Monday.
Mr. H. B. Gaines made a business trip to Kenosha on Friday.
Mrs. C. B. Gaines and daughter Vera spent the latter part of last week with Mrs. J. Evans, of Salem.
Mr. Fred Asby, of Union Grove, spent Sunday with relatives and friends in this place.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watking left on Thursday morning for Florida, where they will spend the winter.
Mrs. C. J. Layey spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, of Pleasant Prairie.
Mr. Clarence Cornwell, who has been working in the harvest fields of Iowa and North Dakota, returned home on Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Holbrook, of Kenosha, spent Sunday with Mrs. C. Richtmeyer, of this place.
The monthly business meeting and sociable of the Epworth League will be held at the home of Mrs. Sholliff on Friday evening, Dec. 1. Everybody is invited.
Messrs. Chas. Gunter and Chas. Bishop made a business trip to Chicago Friday. The Gunter party is equipped with a new harness as the result. Next will be a cart, then watch the sport.

No Use for Beef.

In Uruguay, until within a few years, the sales of hides was the only part of the cattle industry that yielded any cash, the meat being mostly discarded as of no value.

HE AROUSED THE ALLIGATORS

Clock Mender Thought He Was Meal For Saurians.
John Gordon, an itinerant clock mender, well known on Walnut Hills, met with a weird experience at Heheman's cafe, on McMillan street, yesterday morning. Mr. Heheman received yesterday from a friend who is now sojourning in Florida, two alligators, each one being about three feet in length. He placed the consignment in an aquarium which is in the grillroom of his cafe. Gordon, who had been out mending a clock or two, called into Heheman's shortly after the 'gator installation took place. He started into the darkened grillroom and that was the last seen of him, until a frightful yell startled the loungers in the place. A moment later Gordon sprang through the cafe with one of the alligators hanging to his coat tails. The alligators had awakened from their lethargy in the heat of the grillroom and unseen had attacked the clock mender. Gordon, in his frantic efforts to rid himself of the 'gator, broke a valuable mirror. To add to the damage the saloonist suffered, Walter Averill, who was a horrified spectator of the scene, plunged through a window in his terror. Heheman finally captured his pets and conducted them back to their den.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Wasn't a Dude.

"We had a queer passenger on one of our cars a few nights ago," said a conductor who runs to Kansas City from the west. He was a big cowpuncher from Colorado who had been induced to ride for the first time on a Pullman by a friend. He was going to Fort Collins, Col. During the night the porter blacked the cowpuncher's boots. Next morning the passenger called me.
"Say," he said, "I can't find my boots. I left 'em hyar last night."
"Aren't those yours?" I asked, pointing to the polished boots.
"No, sir, they ain't. My boots ain't never been blacked an' they ain't never goin' to be." When I finally convinced him that they were his boots he got mad.
"What'd he do to it?" he asked with a scowl. "I'll let you know I ain't no dude."
"As he pulled the boots on he growled: 'That settles this hyar Pullman business with me. Hyarafter I'll ride on stock trains, where a man don't have to be so stylish.'"
Kansas City Times.

Unequal to It.

"I have here," said the man with the square jaw, "the positive proof, backed up by expert analysis, ample details and a score of affidavits, that the Bonanza Gas company, which furnishes this town with alleged gas and charges us a dollar and a half a thousand feet for it, makes a clear profit of over a dollar on every thousand, and mixes 40 per cent of air with the gas, at that. I want this published in the interest of a plundered people and for the purpose of showing up a heartless, conscienceless, greedy corporation."
"Why—h'm—I'm sorry to say," responded the editor of the Sokauld Independent, "that we shall not have room for it. It would require at least a column, and—aw—we haven't the column."
"I see," said the caller, rising and putting the document back in his pocket. "I see. You haven't the spinal column. Good day, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Second Choice.

A white-headed old French-Canadian entered a store adjoining the postoffice in a New Hampshire village and requested the aid of the clerk in addressing a letter.
"Ah want him to go to mah nephew, Mis' Olive Bedeau, Franklin," said he, producing what had once been a square white envelope.
"Sure. How do you spell 'Bedeau'?" asked the clerk, whose scholastic attainments did not embrace a very extensive acquaintance with French surnames.
"Do 'no' how to spell 'Bedeau'?"
"No."
"Wal, den," and the old man scratched his head reflectively for some seconds, "you jes' mak' him 'Mis' Olive Bradley.' Dat her name ever sence she bin got marrie'."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Accidents and Calamities.

"In Monte Carlo," said a New York musician, "I had the honor last winter to meet Calve. Calve was playing 'Carmen.' She talked to me of Prosper Merimee, the creator of 'Carmen.' She knew many anecdotes of Merimee. Once, she said, he was conversing with the young Prince Imperial.
"What is the difference between an accident and a calamity?" the Prince Imperial asked.
"Just then the lad's cousin and rival, Prince Napoleon, appeared, and Merimee, smiling, said:
"If your cousin fell into the Seine, it would be an accident; if anybody pulled him out, it would be a calamity."—Washington Post.

Do not be deceived by counterfeits when you buy Witch Hazel Salve. The name of E. C. DeWitt & Co. is on every box of the genuine. Piles in their worst form will soon pass away if you will apply DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve night and morning. Beat for cuts, burns, boils, tetter, eczema, etc. Sold by J. H. Swan.

BANISH EVIL SPIRITS

CHINESE AT INTERVALS MAKE A COMPLETE RIDDANCE.

Demons of All Sorts Snared and Put to Death—Custom Had Origin in China Centuries Ago, When Bad Spirits Were Sent Broadcast.

On Sept. 8 last the Chinese residents of the Straits Settlements had a great procession called "wangkang," to get rid of a large accumulation of evil spirits. Ceremonies of this sort are held by the Chinese about once in fifteen years. The plan is to construct a richly decorated junk, fill it with dainty eatables, money, live animals, incense and other tempting things and then to take it about the city with music and appropriate singing and great pomp generally. This causes the evil spirits to come out to see what is going on. Beholding the splendid junk and its rare contents, they crowd inside. Demons of sickness are especially sought for and snared. After the junk has been sufficiently paraded, so that it is chock-full of demons, it is burned and the evil spirits perish. Formerly the junk was set adrift on the ocean, but sometimes it was stranded on some island or other, causing great suffering to the inhabitants thus exposed to the attacks of the marooned spirits. So now the junk is burned at the close of each ceremony of the sort. The Chinese in the vicinity of Singapore spent about \$10,000 in getting rid of their demons this fall.

Tradition gives the following as the origin of the "wangkang": An emperor of China kept 360 "chin su," or scholars who had passed the highest official examination, in a cave under his throne. There they had to play music. One day the emperor sent for the high priest of Taoism and told him that there were evil spirits under his throne and asked him to get rid of them. The priest consented and caused water to fall on the "chin su," who got wet and therefore ceased their music. Then the priest told the emperor that the evil spirits had gone. When the "chin su" got dry, however, they began their music again. The emperor again sent for the priest and told him that the ghosts were still there and that his incantations had been useless. The priest then struck a sword on the floor beneath the throne and called out "Kill!" Thereupon the heads of the "chin su" down below fell off and they all died. The souls of the "chin su," however, were so angry at this treatment that they went to the emperor and asked for vengeance.

Being powerless against them, the emperor sent for the priest. He came and transformed one of his sleeves into a palace, which he induced the 360 poor souls to enter. Thus they were all captured. The priest took them home and threw them all into a box, wrapped it up in yellow silk and put it into the water to float away. Soon it attracted the attention of people on shore. They brought it to land and opened it and the souls got out and ran away. They again went to the emperor, who again sent for the priest, who tried the palace trick again, but this time the "chin su" were too wary to walk into the trap. They so much worried the emperor that the priest advised him to give them the highest title of "hong yah," or king, and send them out into the world to shift for themselves. They complained, however, of being poor and homeless, so the emperor gave them permission to quarter themselves upon the inhabitants of whatever province they might happen to be in. Ever since then the people periodically make sacrifices to these "hong yah" and build boats and ask them to get in and go away, and trouble other people.

Memento of Thomas Carlyle.

A farmer in Manitoba wears on his watch chain a blackened metal disk with an interesting history. Some thirty years ago the farmer was a ticket agent in a railway station in Dumfriesshire. One day Thomas Carlyle took a ticket for a short run by rail and laid down a shilling. The clerk, eager to obtain a souvenir of the famous countryman, secured the coin. Ultimately, although sorely against the grain, he was driven to part with the treasured Carlyle shilling. But it would not stand the ringing test. Somebody had palmed on the "sage of Chelsea" a spurious shilling.

Domestic Affliction.

A bright girl asked to be absent from school half a day on the plea that company was coming.
"It is my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the girl anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, because those boys act dreadfully."
The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.
"Oh, yes, Miss Smith," said the girl, eagerly, "it comes under this head," and she pointed to the words, "Domestic affliction."—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Under the Knife.

Mrs. Jones—Mr. Sniffins told me he had a dangerous operation performed when he was at the hospital.
Mrs. Jones—Yes, they cut out his boozie.

W. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes: "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Sold by J. H. Swan.



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is getting so well known in Lake County that "Yager" is a household word in every home. MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES in immense variety.

When you want good stuff at reasonable prices go to Waukegan and to the Great, Big New Store, 121-123 North Genesee Street,

YAGER'S "Of Course" ELEVATOR SERVICE... WAUKEGAN

How's Your Liver?

It will pay you to take good care of your liver, because, if you do, your liver will take good care of you.

Sick liver puts you all out of sorts, makes you pale, dizzy, sick at the stomach, gives you stomach ache, headache, malaria, etc. Well liver keeps you well, by purifying your blood and digesting your food.

There is only one safe, certain and reliable liver medicine, and that is

Thedford's Black-Draught

For over 60 years this wonderful vegetable remedy has been the standby in thousands of homes, and is today the favorite liver medicine in the world.

It acts gently on the liver and kidneys, and does not irritate the bowels. It cures constipation, relieves congestion, and purifies the system from an overflow of bile, thereby keeping the body in perfect health.

Price 25c at all druggists and dealers.

Test it.

Career of Elliott Fitch Shepard.

Elliott Fitch Shepard of New York who was fined 600 francs, assessed 20,000 francs damages and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for running down and killing a girl in France, has lived in Paris for several years. He has had an unfortunate business career, having lost heavily in several enterprises. Eight years ago, when he was about 22 years old, he married Mrs. Alfred Potter, a wealthy widow of Philadelphia.

Ruthless Rejoinder.

"They will read my book after I am dead," said the young man who posed.
"Indeed?" rejoined Miss Cayenne.
"What a tiresome epitaph!"

Physicians Prescribe It.

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Sold by J. H. Swan.

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Perfection in clothes is hard to find, you can find it in--

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Suits and Overcoats

The Perfect Shoulder, The Perfect Collar, The Perfect "hang" to the entire outfit.

Beat merchant tailors "all hollow" for style and workmanship, at the same time save you 50 per cent in price.

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SUITS - \$2.00 to \$7.50
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ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

GREAT AS A DAIRY STATE.

Illinois Achievements Told to Missourians by Commissioner.

The greatness of Illinois as a dairy State was told the other day in an address before the Missouri Dairy Association by Alfred H. Jones, Illinois food commissioner. Illinois, he said, leads the country in the matter of dairy products. "Situated as he is," added Mr. Jones, "almost midway between the great oceans, Illinois has a commanding influence in controlling the dairy markets in this empire of the middle West, and Chicago, being the empire city of all this vast country, located on Lake Michigan as she is—Illinois and Chicago, when measured by time and performance as to production and trade of dairy products, not only as to quantity but quality, lead the markets of the civilized world. Our State university began to recognize that it was not serving all the people of the State fairly and equally; that in fact it was leading the boys away from the farm and the pursuits of the dairy to the injury of this, one of the most important industries of the State. To meet this, the agricultural and dairy departments were established. For many years they met with no material degree of success, but all the while the foundation of better things was being laid. To-day we find on the university grounds magnificent buildings erected for the purpose of educating the agricultural and dairy students. And from statistics it is situated, Cook county, in which Chicago is situated, has more dairy farms than any other county in the State—4,502. When we study these figures we can approximate somewhat the magnitude of this industry in this State."

WOMAN'S DEATH A MYSTERY.

Five Men Held for Slaying Mrs. Anderson at Forrester.

Mrs. John Anderson, wife of a well-known politician and saloonkeeper of Forrester, was instantly killed the other morning at 1 o'clock in a manner that has not been solved entirely to the satisfaction of the county officials, although five men are under arrest for being implicated in the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson resided over the saloon which is conducted by Anderson. Prior to closing his saloon Anderson had an altercation with several men and finally forced them from the building. The next morning at 1 o'clock both Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were awakened by a noise in front of the saloon, and both, clad in their night clothes, went to the window. They saw five men as though they were fighting. In an instant a pistol shot rang out and Mrs. Anderson fell back from the window dead, the bullet taking effect in her heart. The coroner's jury convened and late in the afternoon ordered the arrest of Louis Swank, a prominent citizen and an ice dealer of the village; Rano Bockholder, William Dalsbigh and Emory and Herman Anderson. One of the five is suspected of firing the fatal shot.

ACID IN SHOES FOR REVENGE.

Girl Finds Plot in Time to Prevent Injury.

To put sulphuric acid in a woman's shoe with the purpose of injuring her is the somewhat new and novel means of satisfying a grudge now being investigated by the police of Alton. Mrs. Aaron Dodson of Alton reported to the police that some one had attempted to do her sister injury in this way. The sister's name was withheld by the authorities. According to Mrs. Dodson's story, her sister noticed, when she started to put on a pair of patent leather, low shoes, that some fluid was running out of one and that the leather was badly corroded. Analysis disclosed the fluid was sulphuric acid, put in the shoes intentionally to harm whoever put them on.

STRICT RULE FOR CLERGY LOST

Resolution Forbidding Smoking or Drinking in Public Voted Down.

A resolution forbidding smoking or drinking in public places by clergymen, introduced at the recent session of the convention of the Episcopal diocese of Quincy by W. F. Bailey, a lay delegate, was voted down. The sentiment of the convention seemed to be that if the vows taken by the clergymen did not prevent the practices complained of the resolution would not. The resolution, however, was supported by a large number of lay members, and several told of clergymen who had been noticed at public gatherings with their clothes reeking with tobacco odors.

TWO KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

Accident at Powder Mill Injures Other Employees.

In an explosion at the Buckeye Powder works at Edwards Station, two men met instant death and several other employees were injured, two of them seriously. The dead are: Addison Long, aged 28; William Hessler, aged 45. The cause of the disaster is not known. Three explosions occurred in quick succession, all in the press department. Not a moment's warning was given to the men and they were thrown into the air. Long and Hessler being instantly killed. Their bodies were burned to a crisp. The financial loss will be about \$10,000.

SUNDAY BASEBALL IS SCORED.

Sabbath Association of Illinois in Convention Denounces Practice. Sunday baseball was scored and denounced at the annual convention of the Sabbath Association of Illinois in Elgin. Those officers were elected: President, Dr. Charles Blanchard, Wheaton; secretary, Rev. Mr. Williams, Wheaton; treasurer, Rev. Mr. Honek, Chicago; Rev. Mr. Kirby and Rev. Mr. Schwartz of Elgin and Rev. Mr. Barrett of Wheaton were appointed a committee to prepare the annual address to the people of the State.

All Over the State.

T. P. Shonts, chairman of the Italian canal commission, has given Monmouth college \$10,000.

The November grand jury in Peoria returned ten additional indictments against former Superintendent of Schools Dougherty.

J. S. Keith broke all corn-husking records of the section about Arcola one day recently, husking 201 bushels and 20 pounds in ten hours.

J. N. Sutherland, a wealthy retired farmer of Golconda, committed suicide by blowing his head off with a shotgun. He had been despondent.

In attempting to board a train at Athol, Berry Gibson of Pittsburg, Pa., employed on the Chicago and Alton double track, missed his hold and was cut in two.

Robert Anderson, who stole \$1,250 from the American Express Company at Nokomis five weeks ago, was found guilty and sentenced to the reformatory at Pontiac.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a check for \$12,000 to the Westfield college, an United Brethren school, his stipulation that a like amount be raised by subscription having been complied with.

August Inesne, a farmer living eight miles southwest of Carlyle, while pulling a bucket of water to water the stock, lost his balance and fell headlong into the well and was drowned.

John Gebhardt of Chicago was killed while hunting on the reservation of the American Colonization Society of Chicago, near Doswell, Va. He was to have been married in a few weeks.

The body of Clarence, the 10-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Basteen was found in a cesspool in the rear of the family premises in Quincy. The coroner's jury found death to have been accidental.

Clement Scott shot and fatally wounded Miss Nettie May Rogers at Waverly, and then cut his throat with a razor, dying in a short time. Miss Rogers' repeated refusal to marry Scott was the cause of the tragedy.

Levi Hull Waterhouse, aged 81, a resident of Illinois since 1847, is dead at his home in Aurora, where he had been a resident since 1892. He built the old Harrison home in Ashland avenue, Chicago, in which the late Carter H. Harrison was assassinated Oct. 30, 1893.

Joliet was "dry" Sunday, Mayor Barr's order for the strict enforcement of the Sunday closing order being ignored by only three saloons, and two of these have had their licenses suspended. The order is the result of the pressure from the local clergymen, following the high school-brewery scandal. Mayor Barr says that the order is permanent.

The Rev. Daniel R. Howe, a former member of the Illinois Legislature, and one of the oldest Christian ministers in the State, died in Eureka at the age of 80 years. He had held the position as pastor of several of the leading churches in the State, having preached in Peoria, Springfield, Quincy and other Illinois cities. During his work as pastor, which extended over a period of more than fifty years, he failed to attend service on but eight Sundays in the entire period.

Edward T. Glennon, representing the New York Central lines; H. W. Miller, representing the Mobile and Ohio and Southern railways, and W. J. Parsons of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul presented arguments against an increase in the assessments of their respective lines before the railroad commission of the board of equalization in Springfield. Mr. Miller placed the value of the box cars on his road at \$740 each, although other agents have fixed the value of such cars at \$500.

William Zepp, of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Margaret Harper of Alton were married Oct. 19. Zepp had another wife living from whom he was divorced fifteen days after his second marriage. The marriage license clerk at Alton stopped the ceremony after issuing the license, but the couple took a preacher to St. Louis and were married there to escape the provisions of the Illinois divorce law. It was supposed that Zepp had been divorced two years at the time of his remarriage.

An invitation has been extended to President Roosevelt by Senator Cullom of Illinois to attend a banquet which is to be given under the auspices of the Sangamon Club at Springfield on the 12th of next February. It is desired that the President deliver an address at the banquet on Lincoln or on any other subject he may select, the occasion being Lincoln's birthday. The President felt obliged to decline the invitation, saying it would be impossible for him to be in Springfield at that time.

At a conference held in Springfield between Secretary Egan of the State board of health, Jacob A. Harmon of Peoria, sanitary engineer of the State board of health, and Dr. Edward Barlow, director of the water supply investigation of the University of Illinois, cooperation between the State board of health and the University of Illinois regarding investigation of water supplies and sewage was decided upon. The object is to purify water supply of cities. The work of investigation will be commenced at once.

Alouzo D. Melvin, who was in charge of the Chicago station of the government bureau of animal industry, has been chosen by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to succeed Dr. D. E. Salmon as chief of the bureau at Washington, D. C. He was born in 1862 at Sterling, Ill., and was graduated from the Chicago Veterinary college in 1880. Soon afterward he entered the service of the government. On returning from a trip to Liverpool for the purpose of inspecting animals and vessels from the United States, he was placed in charge of the meat inspection at Chicago. He became assistant chief in 1889.

BUILDINGS TO COST MILLION.

Cities of the State to Profit Through Passage of Bill.

Illinois cities will profit largely through the sacrifice of the plan for three battle-ships in the interest of the public buildings bill, writes a Washington correspondent to the Chicago Evening Post. Already the allotment of money for new government structures in the towns of the State has been made mentally, and there are shining prospects that it will be made materially at the next session, when the bill will be introduced. Illinois and its forty-four sister States were disappointed last year because the buildings bill was denied passage after it practically had been completed, but there was a tacit understanding that at the next session there would be no sidetracking the measure. Here is a list of the new buildings, with the accompanying appropriations, for which Illinois representatives will ask Congress: Building at East St. Louis to house the postoffice, federal courts, revenue offices and branches of the immigration and pension bureaus, \$300,000; postoffice at Alton, \$100,000; general government building at Belleville, \$100,000; postoffice at Waukegan, Lincoln and Keokuk, each \$75,000; postoffice at Dixon, Paris, Belvidere and Macomb, each \$60,000; addition to postoffice at Aurora, \$20,000. This completes the record of demands as it stands at the present date, but if the plum crop prospect brightens there will be requests that the tree be shaken again. Chicago has no part in the program, although one or two Chicago representatives who have been through the new postoffice are ready to declare that the time has come to build another.

For the maintenance of the rural delivery service and its proper extension over \$29,000,000 will be required. This is an increase of \$3,000,000 over the appropriation for the current year, which in turn is over \$5,000,000 more than that of last year, so that the present estimate is \$1,400,000 less than the increase of the present over the preceding year.

The estimates for the railway mail service and railway mail transportation call for an increase of about \$3,900,000 over the current appropriation. To provide for the compensation of postmasters and clerks in postoffices an increase of nearly \$2,000,000 will be necessary for the coming years, and for the compensation of city letter carriers an increase of more than \$800,000 will be needed, which is \$140,000 less than the increase of the appropriation for the present year over that for the preceding year.

That the extension of the pneumatic tube service is contemplated is shown by the fact that the estimate carries \$322,000 more than the current appropriation. The deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, was \$14,572,584. "If recent calculations are as accurate as they have been frequently in the past," says the Postmaster General, "they afford good reason for believing that the deficit for the year ending June 30, 1906, will be considerably less. It is an interesting fact that the total revenue for the fiscal year 1905 exceeded the total expenditures for the fiscal year 1904 by nearly \$500,000."

DEATHS BY VIOLENCE MANY.

Coroner Reports 321 for Eleven Months Preceding Nov. 1.

Three hundred and twenty-one persons were killed in railroad accidents in Cook county in the eleven months previous to Nov. 1, according to a report made to President Brandegee of the county board by Coroner Hoffman. The coroner says that in the same period he was called upon to hold inquests in five instances where persons were killed by automobiles and in twenty-five instances wherein the cause of death as given in the death certificate issued has been questioned. Coroner Hoffman pointed out that the Johann Hoeh case came under the latter heading. The report shows that in the eleven months there were 421 suicides in the county, 120 deaths due to street car accidents, 137 homicides, 201 deaths due to falls, 157 to burns and scalds. The total number of inquests held were 6,173, and the cause of death was found to be natural in 1,151 cases. Other enumerations were: Elevator accidents, 13; crushed, 40; wagon, 53; accidental asphyxiation, 53; undetermined asphyxiation, 52; accidental drowning, 70; undetermined drowning, 82. In the narrative of his report Coroner Hoffman reviews the Irene Klokow case, saying it promises to be important when tried.

WIELD AX IN MAYOR'S ABSENCE.

Executive Pro Tem. Appoints New Officials.

Mayor William Byers of Matteson, on returning from Champaign, where he went to attend a dinner given in honor of Congressman McKinley, found that the City Council had elected a Mayor pro tem. In his absence, who had appointed a new chief of police and several other officials. The appointments had been confirmed by the Council and the bonds approved. Mr. Byers was elected on a Republican ticket and the Republican Aldermen expected to elect him as Mayor. The City Council, which has clear possession of the City Hall, retained in office most of those appointed by his predecessor, who was a Democrat, and a good deal of friction resulted. The Mayor's absence from the city gave his foes their chance. They chose Alderman W. S. White Mayor pro tem, and he appointed Bert Diehl chief of police to succeed Dennis Lyons, who has been the bone of contention. Several less important appointments also were made. Mayor Byers holds that the action of the Council was unconstitutional, and it is likely that the matter will get into the courts before it is settled.

FARMER SLAIN BY HELPER.

Quarrel Over Price for Corn-Picking Results Fatally.

Burton Mapes, a wealthy and influential farmer residing in the southern part of Whiteside county, was slain by Arthur Hanley, his former hired man. Hanley hurried to Prophetstown, where he gave himself up to Constable Lewis, confessing his crime. He is held to the next session of the grand jury. The murder is the result of a difference in the price of corn-picking. Hanley demanding 4 cents a bushel and his employer refusing to give him more than 3 cents. On Saturday Hanley stopped working for Mapes and went to the farm of Hiram Winkler. On the fatal morning Mapes started for Prophetstown and on the road met Hanley. The men began quarreling and Hanley pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired, the bullet taking effect in the region of the heart. Mapes falling dead from the wound.

FINDS MONEY HIDDEN 52 YEARS.

Checks for \$1,300 Left by Dead Miner or Discovers by Illinoian.

While looking through old papers left by the late Reuben Lindsey of Alto Pass, W. H. Finch found \$1,300 in old checks, two for \$500 each, drawn by an express company, and one for \$300 drawn by the Page & Bacon Banking Company of San Francisco, all dated 1852, to the order of James Stuart. Mr. Stuart was a gold miner in California, and exchanged his dust for the checks just before starting East. He died shortly after having reached his home in Alto Pass, without having told of the checks. An effort will be made to collect them.

POSTAL DEPARTMENT NEEDS.

Estimates Are Now Completed for Year Ending June 30, 1907.

Postmaster General Cortelyou recently completed and forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury the estimates for the Postoffice Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907. They show a reduction of expenditures wherever it is believed it will not impair the service, but provision for development of postal facilities to meet the growing needs of all sections of the country. The amount asked for salaries in the department is \$1,461,250, an apparent increase of \$61,900 over the current appropriation, but as \$58,300 of this is simply a transfer from other appropriations the net increase is only \$3,600. The estimate submitted for next year is \$44,020 less than the estimate submitted one year ago. The clerical force of the department, therefore, will remain practically as it now is during the next fiscal year.

Estimates for the postal service at large—the field service—aggregate \$193,000,000, an increase over last year's appropriation of about \$12,000,000. This increase represents the normal growth of the service based upon what the postal authorities regard as the most careful and conservative estimates. Each succeeding year sees a large increase in the business of the department. The principal items in the increase are the rural delivery service, railway mail service, compensation to postmasters and their clerks and the compensation of letter carriers.

For the maintenance of the rural delivery service and its proper extension over \$29,000,000 will be required. This is an increase of \$3,000,000 over the appropriation for the current year, which in turn is over \$5,000,000 more than that of last year, so that the present estimate is \$1,400,000 less than the increase of the present over the preceding year.

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OVERRUN WITH THIEVES.

Battle Royal Between Pickpockets and Police in New York.

New York City is overrun with pickpockets. According to Captain McCauley, of the detective bureau, from fifteen to twenty suspects are arrested daily and a battle royal is going on between the police and the light-fingered gentry. Night and day every part of the city is covered with Commissioner McAdoo's cover, and it is an exceptionally alert pickpocket who does not walk into the net. Every car line in the city has its detectives. They work in pairs covering their section, which varies according to the district.

The preferred field of activity of professional pickpockets is the crowded street cars. Most often the woman with children is the victim of their operations. The pickpocket, who is oftentimes a woman, will play with the children or engage them in conversation, to distract the mother's attention. When she does this successfully her confederates seize the opportunity to "sneak" her pocketbook and make off.

Most of the professional pickpockets work in groups, and every clique has its specialty. For instance, a pickpocket who would "sneak" a pocketbook would seldom attempt to purloin a watch or a diamond scarf. Some thieves have a mania for diamond scarves and would never think of touching anything else. Most thieves prefer the pocketbook, as there is less danger of their theft becoming known. One pickpocket at headquarters explained that he would never run the risk of "lifting" a watch, because, he said, "people make a good deal more fuss about losing their watch than they would a pocketbook or anything else."

Nearly 5,000 photographs in the rogues' gallery at the detective headquarters, of men and women who ply the profession of "dipping," as they themselves term it, testify to the increasing number of members of the light-fingered gentry.

Brief News Items.

One person was killed and nearly 200 were injured by socialist riots in Prague.

According to specifications sent to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Manila is to have fifty-two miles of sewers and ten miles of forty-two-inch water mains.

O. D. Crawford, convicted of having murdered Helene Lundin in a box car at Elk River, Minn., must die Dec. 5. Gov. Johnson fixed that date for the hanging.

Mrs. Arthur Massengill of Oil Valley, Ky., was burned to death and her husband and sister-in-law fatally injured in a blaze caused by starting a fire with kerosene.

Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, has captured a wealthy Moor named Abdallah Akhannou, whom he holds for ransom. Raisuli got \$70,000 for the release of Perdicaris.

DASH BY CONVICTS.

MISSOURI PRISONERS' DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

Shot Guards at Michigan City Penitentiary and Use Dynamite on Gates—Street Battle Follows, in Which the Felons Are Captured.

Five convicts, heavily armed, who made a desperate attempt to escape from the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., shooting down the prison officers who stood in their way, were captured after a spirited battle with guards in the streets. In their dash from the prison inclosure they wrecked with dynamite a heavy steel gate and forced a passing wagon to aid them in flight, using the teamster as a shield from the bullets of their pursuers. Two of the prison officials are dead and a third is badly wounded. Two of the convicts were severely wounded before they were captured and one died later.

Warden Mnt W. Hall, Yardmaster Porter Gilvin and five prison guards departed Friday morning for Leavenworth, Kan., on a special train, conveying seventy-one federal prisoners, who are being transferred from the Jefferson City penitentiary to the government prison at Fort Leavenworth, and it is believed this fact had much to do with the outbreak.

There had not been the slightest warning of any trouble within the prison walls, when suddenly Vaughn, Raymond, Blake, Ryan and Zeigler, who were working in close proximity to the prison gate, inside the inclosure, as if by a given signal, made a rush for the gate. From their pockets they drew pistols. Rushing past the gate, they entered Deputy Warden See's office and shot him as he sat in his chair. He sank back and was unable to resist them.

Instantly they returned to the gate and met Gateman John Clay, who had been alarmed by the shots. Before he could raise his weapon he was shot dead. Allison, who was attracted by the shooting, was the next victim. He was shot through the head and died almost instantly. Then, as if to signal the convicts generally that the attempt to escape had been started, the convicts seized the bell rope hanging by the gate and began ringing the bell.

Gateman Clay had left the wagon gate ajar, and four of the convicts rushed through, dragging his body with them, slammed the gate shut and fastened it on the inside. They were then in the wagon entrance to the penitentiary, the passage being about forty feet long by fifteen feet wide, and leading to the public street through another double gate of steel. This outside gate was locked, but the convicts were deterred only for a moment. Placing dynamite under the outside gate, they blew an opening through the massive steel doors big enough for a carriage and before the smoke had cleared they had dashed through a number of "trusty" convicts working in the street and ran madly for twelve blocks. Zeigler, it was found, had failed to leave the penitentiary walls.

Battle in the Streets.

Almost before the four escaping convicts had covered the distance of one block the prison officials, heavily armed, were in pursuit, shooting as they ran. Pedestrians jumped behind trees, ran into houses and crouched down behind any cover that presented a refuge. Those living in houses along the line of flight, alarmed by the shooting, rushed out to ascertain the cause. Women screamed and fled precipitately, while the majority of men seized weapons and joined the prison officials in the pursuit. A desperate fear gave speed to the convicts and they outran their pursuers.

Near the Missouri Pacific Railway depot they came upon a wagon being driven by Orville Lane. Jumping into this wagon, they seized Lane and held him as a shield from the bullets of their pursuers. One convict lashed the horse into a run. The wild ride was of short duration, however, as another posse, consisting of city police, augmented by citizens, appeared in front of them, and, seeing that further flight was cut off, they stopped the horse and made a last stand.

Lane was thrown to the bottom of the wagon, and, crouching over him, shielding themselves to the best possible advantage behind the sides of the vehicle, they opened fire on their pursuers. The prison officials shouted to them to surrender or they would be shot dead. Their only reply was a volley from their revolvers.

Then followed one of the most desperate street battles that ever took place in the annals of escaping convicts in Jefferson City. The men in the posse jumped behind trees and shot with telling effect, splintering the wagon, and finally putting a bullet through one of the convicts, who fell to the ground. Then, seeing that further resistance was useless, the convicts surrendered. With a rush the officials closed around the wagon, prepared to shoot to the death if the surrender was a ruse. But no resistance was offered.

It was found that Vaughn and Blake were suffering from bullet wounds. Driver Lane and Ryan and Raymond were unharmed. The convicts were immediately taken back to the penitentiary, where the wounded were given medical attention, while the uninjured were placed in solitary confinement in dungeon cells.

A rigid investigation was instituted immediately to ascertain the source from which the mutinous convicts obtained their weapons and ammunition.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1213—First regular English Parliament assembled at Oxford.

1499—Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the throne of England, executed at Tyburn.

1538—Proclamation issued by Henry VIII., declaring Thomas Becket not a saint.

1572—First Presbyterian meeting house in England opened.

1621—The little ship Fortune from England arrived at Plymouth, Mass.

1644—Henry McMahon executed at Tyburn for conspiring Irish massacre.

1656—Treaty of Liebau signed by Charles X. and the Great Elector.

1699—Treaty of alliance signed between Peter of Russia and Augustus II. of Poland.

1712—Duel between Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. Both killed.

1737—Queen Caroline of England died.

1772—Three hundred chests of tea thrown overboard at Boston because of the duty imposed by England.

1777—Articles of Confederation of the United States agreed to. American Congress recalled Silas Deane from Paris and appointed John Adams.

1785—Sir David Wilkie, English painter, born; died 1841.

1789—North Carolina ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1790—Catherine II. (the Great), empress of Russia, died at St. Petersburg; born 1729.

1797—Thurlow Weed born.

1805—British and Russian forces land in Naples.

1806—Napoleon issued a decree declaring the British Isles in a state of blockade.

1811—Great riots at Nottingham, England. John Bright, great English statesman, born.

1813—Battle of Leipzig.

1815—Second Peace of Paris.

1816—Bells of Notre Dame, Paris, baptized.

1834—Melbourne ministry dissolved.

1840—Cracow annexed to Austria.

1848—Assassination of Count Rossi, first minister to Pius IX., at Rome.

1849—Steamer Louisiana exploded at New Orleans. Nearly 100 killed.

1852—Labos islands difficulty between United States and Peru settled.

1857—Relief of Lucknow.

1862—Gen. Sumner demanded surrender of Fredericksburg, Va.

1864—Treaty of peace between Denmark, Prussia and Austria ratified. Gen. Sherman began his march to the sea.

1866—First G. A. R. post instituted at Decatur, Ill.

1870—Duke of Aosta elected King of Spain.

1878—Encyclical letter issued by Pius IX. against Old Catholics.

1883—Standard time adopted in States east of the Rocky mountains. Four standards adjusted to be an hour apart and to differ by exact hours from Greenwich were adopted. The divisions are eastern time, central time, Rocky mountain time and Pacific time, being respectively 75 degrees, 90 degrees, 105 degrees and 120 degrees west of Greenwich.

1880—Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States, died in New York City; born 1830.

1888—Rear Admiral Charles H. Baldwin, Union naval veteran, died in New York City; born there 1822.

1891—Ex-King Milan of Serbia renounced all rights to the throne.

1893—Town of Kuchan, province of Khorassan, Persia, destroyed by an earthquake; over 12,000 people killed.

1894—Jose Salvador, anarchist who threw bomb in Barcelona theater and killed many persons, garroted.

1897—President McKinley signed the treaty adopted by the Universal Postal Congress. Rev. George Hendricks Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration (the Little Church Around the Corner), died in New York, aged 77.

1898—Michigan State Supreme Court declared boycotting illegal.

1899—Admiral Dewey transferred to his wife the Washington house given him by the American people. Garrett A. Hobart, Vice President of the United States, died.

1901—James J. Jeffries defeated Gus Ruhlin in a battle for the world's pugilistic championship at San Francisco.

1903—A canal treaty with the new republic of Panama signed at Washington.

1904—King Edward VII. of England arrived in Portugal on a visit to King Carlos.

BANK OF ANTIOCH.

EDWARD BROOK,
BANKER.

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE,
AND DO A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILWAY CO.

Antioch Station 58 Miles North of Chicago

TIME CARD—Antioch Station.

GOING NORTH
Lv. Chicago, 8:35 AM—No. 5, Daily ex Sunday 10:40 AM
1:30 PM—No. 7, Daily ex Sunday 3:45 PM
4:30 PM—No. 13, Daily

GOING SOUTH
Lv. Antioch, 7:15 AM—No. 14, Daily
11:37 AM—No. 8, Daily ex Sunday 1:35 PM
4:30 PM—No. 6, Daily ex Sunday 6:45 PM
9:45 PM—No. 2, Daily

Patrons can now board or leave the above trains at Halsted street, Chicago, instead of the Central station if so desired.

GEO. KUHAUT, Agent, Antioch.

CHICAGO & MILWAUKEE ELEC- TRIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Cars run between Lake Bluff and Rockefeller once every hour, leaving Lake Bluff on the even hour and returning from Rockefeller on the half hour.

Cars pass Lake Bluff going North and South every twenty minutes on the even hour and at 20 and 40 minutes after the hour.

Cars leave Waukegan for Zion City every 30 minutes on the even hour.



LOTUS CAMP No. 557 W. A. meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month, in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Illinois. Visiting neighbors always welcome. C. M. MARLEY, V. C. J. C. JAMES, JR., Clerk.

SEQUOIA LODGE, No. 877 A. F. & A. M., holds regular communications the first and third Wednesday evening of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome. The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

IRRITATION FIGURED IN BILL.

Poe's Outraged Sensibilities Had to Be Paid For.

A poet and literary man of some celebrity was visited in his study one morning by a manager of a lecture bureau, who said that he had called to ask the writer to take part in an entertainment.

"We want you to read selections from your own works, Mr. Gillespie, together with an original poem, composed expressly for the occasion. Name your own price. We'll announce the program."

"My price," interrupted Mr. Gillespie, "will be \$60."

"Isn't that a little steep?"

"Not at all, everything considered."

The manager tried to beat him down to fifty; but he was immovable, and the bargain was finally closed at the first-named figure.

"Alphus," said Mrs. Gillespie, after the caller had gone, "wasn't that more than you intended to charge him when he first spoke?"

"Yes," he said, "it's just twice as much; but he irritated me \$30 worth by calling it 'program.'—Youth's Companion.

Every ounce of food you eat that fails to digest does a pound of harm. It turns the entire meal into poison. This not only deprives the blood of the necessary tissue-building material, but it poisons it. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a perfect digestant. It digests the food regardless of the condition of the stomach. It allows that organ to rest and get strong again. Relieves belching, heart burn, sour stomach, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, etc. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Why Not Sign "Y's?"

In these days, when economy of time and space are of the highest importance, it seems to me that some of the conventionalities of correspondence might well be abolished.

Why should we write "Dear sir," and then make a pause and begin a fresh line? Why could not all we have to say flow straight on in the same line from "Dear sir?"

Again, why should we take three lines—and this, perhaps, is more important—over the conclusion of our letters? It strikes me that it would be infinitely simpler and more convenient if you concluded a letter thus: "I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, Edward Cuttle," all in one line. Can anyone tell me the reason of this custom and when it was originated?—London Graphic.

Cheers and Children.

A man with eight children got three cheers from the president. We're glad to get the proportion. That would figure out about twenty-four singles and triplets for three times three and a tiger.—Newark Commercial.

**KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS**

WITH **Dr. King's
New Discovery**

FOR CONSUMPTION, Price
COUGHS and 50c & \$1.00
COLD Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all
THROAT and LUNG TROUB-
LES, or MONEY BACK.

Read "The News"

RIISING TO FORTUNE.

MANY AND DEVIUS ARE THE
PATHS TO SUCCESS.

Strict Honesty Not Always the Quick-
est Road, Says One Who Has Not
Reached the Golden Eminence—
Some Sharp Tricks of Business
Enumerated.

"There are many roads to success," said the lean and hungry Cassius who was holding up one end of the mahogany bar. "The longer I live the less I believe in a simon pure gilt edge rise.

"You look at this man and that, saying how beautifully he has succeeded by his own pure efforts. It's a miracle and an admiration until you find out all the circumstances. You don't need a legislative inquiry to establish the fact that success is mostly a lovely damsel down to the waist, but she terminates in a scaly fish-tail compound of rebates, ingratitude and chicanery.

"Give an instance? A hundred if you like, but I am thinking just now of three similar cases, where employees have become employers.

"Not long ago there was an oculist working for a Maiden Lane firm; he examined eyes and fitted glasses at a medium stipend, with the prospect of being a hired man all his life. He was enamored of the fish tail lady. He determined to woo and win her at any cost.

"His device was merely to copy his firm's prescriptions in a private notebook. At the end of three years he had a thousand names and addresses. Then he quit, hired a little office uptown and wrote to the thousand customers that Dr. Jones had moved his shop and would gladly prescribe for them at the old rates.

"The customers were agreeable. The old firm has lost most of its business and Dr. Jones rides in a four-horsepower car.

"The second case refers to a law student, who worked his way up in the same firm from office boy to admitted attorney. He owed everything to his employers.

"Soon after being admitted to the bar he left the shop and put up his own shingle. He immediately began to fish for the clients of the old firm whom he had known for years.

"For the sake of appearance he does this on the quiet, and for the sake of superior inducements he cuts rates in a way that would give his old employers heart disease. These rising young men have no sympathy with the union schedule.

"Then there is the eminent and wealthy wholesale chemist who was an office boy fifteen years ago. They thought he was a fool because he did not empty waste paper baskets promptly and used to practice writing by copying the name on old envelopes.

"But, in fact, he was developing a gold mine from that waste paper basket. He got hundreds of choice addresses. He set up for himself in a small way and induced the old customers to trade with him. To-day he is happily wedded to success and has a large family of little successes.

"Now, you might say that all these cases merely indicate the first step; it took merit to go on. I might answer that the men who take such first steps probably repeat the trick at every part of the stairway. I wish," concluded the lean and hungry Cassius, ordering another drink, "that certain of my own past approaches to the fish-tail damsel had been more refined and in keeping with dignity."—New York Sun.

A Disastrous Calamity.

It is a disastrous calamity when you lose your health, because indigestion and constipation have sapped it away. Prompt relief can be had in Dr. King's New Life Pills. They build up your digestive organs and cure headache, dizziness, colic, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at J. H. Swan's drug store; 22c.

Substitutes and Its Dangers.

Only yesterday one of the type sets on this paper asked O'Sullivan why he kept continually harping on substitution.

O'Sullivan said: "Substitution is a snake in the grass; one of the meanest things you have to deal with." However, in our patriarchal business we see that it works disaster to the other fellow.

"True enough, old man," said the sub; "only last night a friend and I, when hungry, visited one of our Boston hostleries and ordered a sirloin steak. They put up a steak, but it was not a sirloin. The amount was taken off the check, and we don't go there any more for sirloin steak."—Boston Globe.

Strike at Naval Station.

The imported natives employed at the United States naval station, Pago Pago, Samoa Islands, went on strike recently because Commander Moore had reduced their wages 20 per cent, to 80 cents a day. The Samoans are too lazy to work, so the government has to bring laborers from New Zealand, 420 miles away. The strikers threaten to go home.

Ayer's Pills

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

GAVE NEW AND BETTER RULES

Sage Advice of Buddha to Indian Elephant Trainer.

Edmund Russell tells the following in his account of "The Sacred Animals of India" in Everybody's Magazine for November:

"From Hindu tales that have come through the Chinese, who give us most of our Indian records—the risals were dreamers and not recorders—we have this story of Buddha:

"The Lord demanded one day of an elephant trainer what were the means he employed to subdue his beasts.

"Three," said the mahout—"one applies to the mouth a hook of iron which he attaches to breast-clip, and the elephant cannot lift his neck. Then one gives less and less food till thin and weak; and finally beats."

"And what does one accomplish by these means?" asked He-of-the-yellow-light.

"The croquet-de-fer serves to overcome the resistance of the head. The deprivation of food and drink, the violence of the body. The stick subdues the spirit. After this all is easy."

"The Nimbused-bronze-one said:

"I also have three ways to subdue: "First, by perfect sincerity I control what goes forth from the mouth. By affection and charity I harmonize the irregularities of the body. By inward vibration of thought I calm the spirit. Did you ever think of trying these on the elephant?"

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Mo. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a cough or cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble."

His mother's death was a sad loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed at J. H. Swan's drug store. Trial bottle free.

Actor McConnell's Wit.

The late William McConnell was one of the greatest theatrical jokers of his time.

Augustus Thomas wrote a part for McConnell in the short lived "Champagne Charley." He had not been on the stage for years, and it was thought that his characteristic humor might be amusing in the theater.

That assumption proved incorrect, and McConnell retired from the show before its crush. Then a vaudeville sketch called "The Editor" was written for him, and he tried that for two weeks.

"Vaudeville's all right, I suppose," he said afterward, "but it didn't agree with me."

"What was wrong?" asked one of his friends.

"Well, I began in Chicago in a roof garden on top of a sixteen story skyscraper. The next week I went to St. Louis and played in Uhrig's Cave. Could you beat anything like that? As I said, I think vaudeville is all right, but I could not stand the sudden changes in the climate."—Washington Post.

But few people are entirely free from indigestion at this season of the year. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is not only the best remedy to use because it digests what you eat, but because it also enables the digestive apparatus to assimilate and transform all foods into tissue-building blood. Kodol relieves sour stomach, heart burn, belching and all forms of indigestion. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Mirror Also Fractured.

Col. L. M. Buchanan writes that his youngest son served in the South African campaign as a trooper in the Rhodesian horse. Aug. 21, 1900, the young man was reported as severely wounded at Hamman's kraal and his wound was described by the surgeon in attendance as a "comminuted fracture of the left humerus," out of which twenty-one splinters were subsequently discharged or extracted. On the same day in his bedroom in Ireland the mirror fell to the floor and was smashed into many pieces, receiving what the colonel thinks might be called a "comminuted fracture." The mirror had been in its usual place on the dressing table and the room was vacant at the time.

Anxious Moments.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons, it can be safely given. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Gabmen Fight Traction Line.

The Irish town of Limerick has a population of 38,000, and the distance from one end of the city to the other is two miles. Cabs charging a generous fare have heretofore been the only means of conveyance. A recent project for a street railway line was rejected. On the evening of the corporation meeting, bands paraded the streets to emphasize the objection of the cabmen and the working community in general to the innovation.

Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills.

Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. Local Mail.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

HOARSE COUGHS STUFFY COLDS

QUICKLY CURED BY
**Foley's Honey
and Tar**

There is no case on record of a cold resulting in Pneumonia, or other serious lung trouble, after Foley's Honey and Tar had been taken.

It will cure the most obstinate racking cough, and heals and strengthens the lungs.

Foley's Honey and Tar has cured many cases of incipient Consumption and even in the last stages will always give comfort and relief.

Foley's Honey and Tar gives quick relief to Asthma sufferers, as it relieves the difficult breathing at once.

Remember the name—Foley's Honey and Tar—and refuse substitutes that cost you the same as the genuine. Do not take chances with some unknown preparation.

Contains no opiates.

Cured of Terrible Cough on Lungs.

N. Jackson, of Danville, Ill., writes: "My daughter had a severe attack of La Grippe and a terrible cough on her lungs. We tried a great many remedies without relief. She tried Foley's Honey and Tar, which cured her. She has never been troubled with a cough since."

Consumption Cured.

Foley & Co., Chicago. Dana, Ind. Gentlemen—Foley's Honey and Tar cured me of Consumption after I had suffered two years and was almost desperate. Three physicians failed to give me any relief and the last one said he could do me no good. I tried almost every medicine I heard tell of without benefit, until Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended to me. Its effect right from the start was magical. I improved steadily from the first dose and am now sound and well, and think Foley's Honey and Tar is a God-send to people with Throat and Lung Trouble. Yours very truly,

MRS. MARY AMBROSE.

Three sizes—25c, 50c, \$1.00. The 50 cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY JAMES H. SWAN

DILEMMA OF SAMMY HANDSOOMB

Serious Question as to Whether He Was Alive or Dead.

Some of the older citizens of Gloucester must remember Sammy Handscomb, who was a well known character in that town some fifty years or more ago, says a writer in the Boston Herald. He was the butt for many jokes, some of which were carried too far for Sammy's comfort.

During the "Know-Nothing" campaign, when Henry J. Gardner was elected governor of Massachusetts, there was a torchlight parade in Gloucester, and Sammy, as usual, was very much in evidence, until some one threw an over-ripe tomato which hit him on the ear. It landed just as there was an explosion of fireworks, and Sammy fell in his tracks.

He was picked up and helped to a chair in a nearby store, when some one asked if he was badly hurt.

"Well, I don't know," he said, putting his hand to his ear and then glancing at him, "but I guess if that's blood I'm a dead man."

Drummer Shut Out by Farmer.

Late one rainy night a drummer called at the residence of one of the well known farmers in the town of H—, Mo., and asked for shelter till morning. He was a little amused at this reply: "Nope, tain't no'cessary." "Isn't necessary?" exclaimed the drummer; "it's raining great guns, and I am wet through, and it is so dark I can't keep the road. You mean convenient, don't you?" "Law, yes," replied the farmer. "Venient, venient: that's the word."

Barefoot—Boots.

A New Mexico paper announces the marriage of Miss S. M. Boots to E. Barefoot. He now has Boots but she has become Barefoot. Thus it is seen that in entering into a marriage contract the woman is invariably the loser. But there is no denying that the match was one of an affinity of souls.—Los Angeles Times.

Man's Unreasonableness.

is often as great as woman's. But Thos. S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable, when refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick, she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by J. H. Swan, druggist; price 50c.

HIS CHARITY BEGAN AT HOME

Generous Action Not All the Prompting of Philanthropy.

In a New York street one day a wagon laden with lamp globes had come into collision with another vehicle, and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver, who looked ruefully at the shattered fragments which strewn the ground. An elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect eyed the chop-fallen driver for a moment compassionately and then said: "My poor man, I suppose you will have to make good the loss out of your own pocket?"

"Ah, that I shall, sir," returned the driver, with melancholy emphasis.

"Well," said the generous philanthropist, "hold out your hat; here's a quarter for you, and, I dare say, some of the other people will give you a helping hand, too."

The driver held out his hat, several persons dropped silver coins into it, and others gave coppers, as tokens of sympathy. At last, when the contribution had ceased, the driver emptied the contents of the hat into his pocket and, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, said slowly: "Say, ain't he cute? That's my boss."

A Policeman's Testimony.

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, N. H., writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold by J. H. Swan.

The Dog Was Comforted.

It is said of Dr. John Brown, the genial and much-loved author of "Bab and His Friends," that he was personally acquainted with every dog in Edinburgh. Once while out driving he stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked out eagerly at the back of the carriage.

"Is it someone you know?" asked the friend who was with him.

"No," he replied, "it's a dog I don't know."

A dog had recently been brought to Edinburgh from Ireland, and for a long time apparently suffered from all the pangs of homesickness.

Dr. Brown became much interested in the animal, and tried frequently to comfort it. At last, one day, he came to the house of his friend, Dr. Peddie, with a smiling face, and said:

"That dog is all right now. He went out last night and saw the pole-star, and that has made him feel quite at home here."

He Could Hardly Get Up.

P. H. Duffy of Ashley, Ill., writes: "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down." Sold by J. H. Swan.

Too Late to Sort Cats.

Jim Crocker lived in an old tumble-down house in a little town in Massachusetts. The cellar windows being broken out, an opportunity was afforded to stray cats to run in and out, and sometimes there would be quite a congregation.

We lost our pet cat one evening, and thinking she might have joined the happy throng, we sent our man over to ask "Uncle Jim" if he would take a look and see if she was among the number. He was generally pretty good-natured, but this time he was out of sorts, for he said:

"Your cat may be there, or she may not be, but I ain't a-going to light up no lamp and go down in that cellar this time of night sorting out cats for nobody, so there."

"I Thank the Lord!"

cried Hannah Plant, of Little Rock, Ark. "For the relief I got from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured my fearful running sores, which nothing else would heal, and from which I had suffered for 5 years." It is a marvelous healer for all cuts, burns and wounds. Guaranteed at J. H. Swan's drug store; 25c.

Did Not Mind Trifles.

Two Englishmen meeting on the Strand, one said to the other: "Ah, I hear you are to be congratulated! Is it true you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins?" "Yes, thanks! I have that pleasure." "But," said the first, "they are so exactly alike I should think it would be difficult to tell them apart?" "But, my dear boy, I don't try to."

Annual "Mop" Fair.

Dating from mediaeval times, the annual Stratford-on-Avon "Mop" fair took place recently, and eight oxen and twelve pigs were roasted at open fires in the streets in the presence of a record gathering from all parts of the Midlands.

Nature needs only a Little Early Riser now and then to keep the bowels clean, the liver active, and the system free from bile, headaches, constipation, etc. The famous little pills "Early Risers" are pleasant in effect and perfect in action. They never gripe or sicken, but tone and strengthen the liver and kidneys. Sold by J. H. Swan, druggist.

LOOKING YOUR BEST

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT
OF ALL DUTIES.

Few Things Help a Man to Get Along in the World as Much as Does a Good Appearance—Inspire of Confidence.

"I would recommend," said the man of fallen fortunes, "that every man keep where he can see it a photograph of himself as he looked at his best, in good clothes, as an incentive to him to keep up appearances."

"Next to a stout heart nothing helps a man so much in the world as a good appearance, and it often happens that unless a man present a trim and slightly exterior he can't even get past the barriers that hedge in the strong man he wants to reach, the man of intelligence, as well as of power and authority, who is able to judge a man independently of his clothes. And then good clothes promote their wearers' confidence in his own strength, and so are an aid to him."

"The fact is that, while we may lack initiative, the most of us discover strength if we are put to it, and good clothes give a man confidence in himself and so help him to develop his own strength. They help to make him feel that he is as good as anybody, which is a great help. They help to make him not afraid, and they also tend, in every healthy minded man, to make him feel that he must keep his end up among his fellows, that he must make good, just as shabby clothes make a man shy of his fellows, and shy or slothful in the exercise of his own abilities, and content with the path which, with his clothes, he naturally travels, which is outside the fence."

"All of which is brought to me by the finding of a picture of myself taken twenty years ago, when I wore good clothes, trim garments and faultless linen and perfectly kept shoes. Homely details these, but the picture, come upon suddenly, brought to me for the first time strikingly the difference in myself between that time and this; now not unkempt, perhaps not untidy, but still approaching to shabbiness, wearing abroad new garments in which I then would never have dreamed of appearing in and content—and here is the dreadful trouble—content to appear in them."

"For we do not realize the gradations by which we descend; we don't realize what we have come to look like; we are satisfied with ourselves as we are. And we may have constant friends upon whom, as upon ourselves, the change in us has come gradually, who may give little thought to it. But even they do insensibly realize it, and it has its effect upon them. You may be sure; while upon the stranger—highly important is it for you to get this firmly fixed in your mind—upon the stranger, the impression you produce is of what you are to-day. He doesn't know what you once were—how could he?—he assesses you for what you appear to be to him. And he wouldn't be far wrong."

"It is good business to wear good clothes. As old man Polonius said to son Laertes:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; Rich not study."

For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

"It is true, and I think I'll have to get some new clothes myself and buck up."

Lawyer Has Big Case in Hand.

Ira Leo Bamberger is counsel for New York school teachers in their suit for back pay which they are known as the Pittingill schedule adopted in Brooklyn in 1899, before the greater New York city charter went into effect. The amount involved is \$2,500,000, and some suits already have been won. Should the plaintiffs be successful in all cases Mr. Bamberger will receive \$400,000, the largest fee ever paid to a New York lawyer.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling how to get it. Home of Swamp-Root, Inc. all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonials, letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.